

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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TRAGEDY OF THE BRAVE LITTLE SHIPS

THE BRAVE SHIPS THAT GO DOWN BITTER TRAGEDY OF THE SEA

The Weak Point of Our
Gallant Little Tramps

GOVERNMENT'S NEW COMMISSION

Over a hundred British ships are lost every year.

The loss of British ships in the North Atlantic during the gales of the present year has led to an important debate in Parliament and to the setting up of a Government Commission of Inquiry, with Lord Merrivale as chairman.

During the debate several elements of danger to ships were discussed, but one escaped attention, though we are informed that it is more important than all others. *The weak point of our gallant little tramp ships is their hatches.*

Wooden Hatches

The hatch is the trap-door covering an opening in the deck known as the hatchway, which leads to the cabins and the holds. We all know the familiar phrase describing the safeguarding of a ship in a storm, "Hatches were battened down and all made tight."

The C.N. has high authority for stating that the hatches of little ocean-going ships are not strong enough to make all tight. Liners and warships have hatches of steel; those of the cargo-boats are of wood.

Landsmen have little idea of the force of a sea lashed by a hurricane. It displaces blocks of stone, tons in weight, from coast defences; it has been known to hammer coins from a wrecked ship into rock, and to flatten like wire the steel stanchions and rails of the deck.

At the moment of impact the sea strikes as a solid; it breaks immediately, but the blow is as from a rock. Those of us who have slipped when taking off for a dive, and have landed flat, know how solid water can be.

Devised on a Primitive Plan

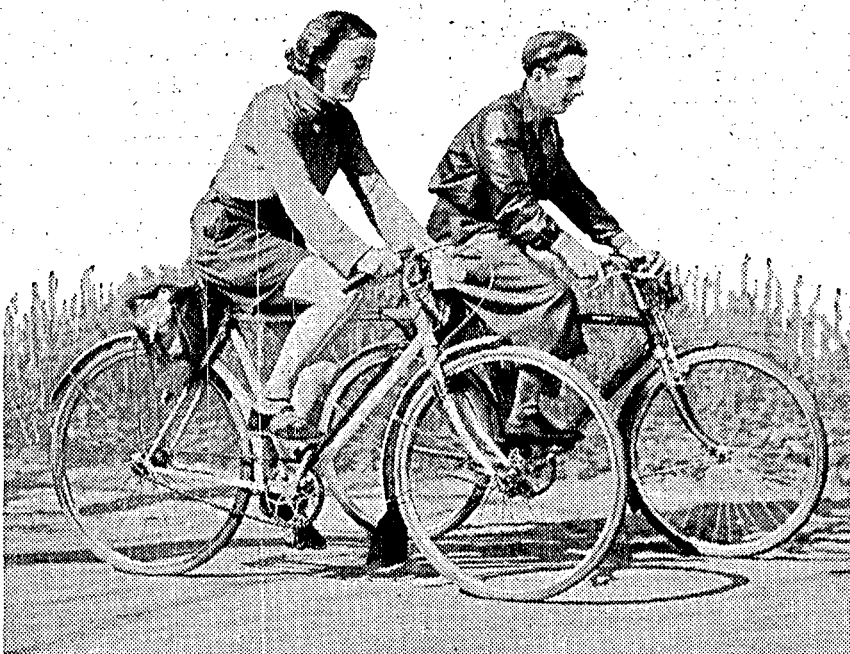
Little ships have low free-boards, and waves dash right over the deck, descending with the force of giant hammers on the hatches, which, secured only by a wooden batten, are covered by a tarpaulin fastened by a cleet.

A horizontal or oblique blow from a great wave may dislodge the tarpaulin and expose the wooden hatch to violence. Subsequent blows may split and shatter the hatch itself, and so admit the water down the hatchway.

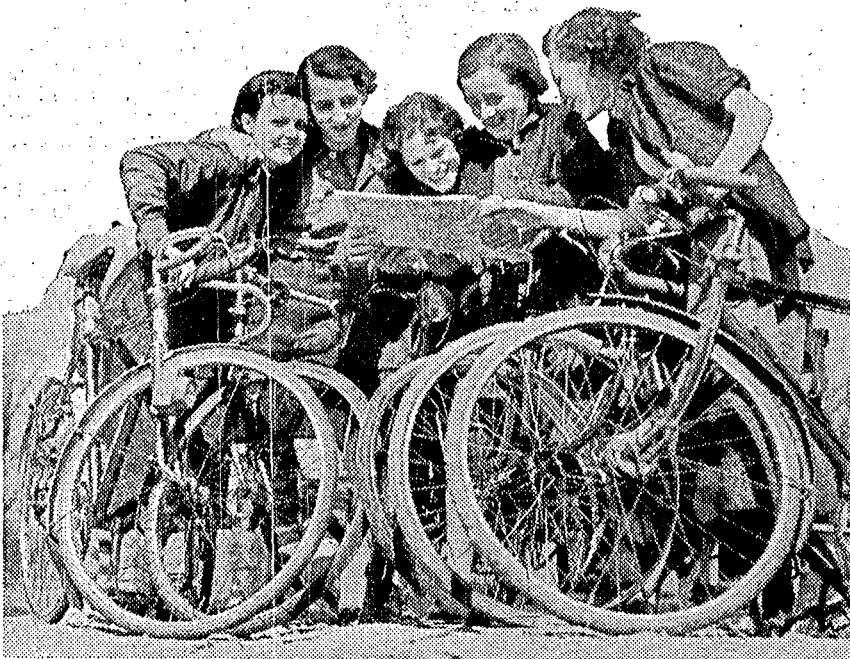
The hatches of modern little vessels are the one unimproved feature in shipbuilding; they are devised on the same primitive plan as that followed by our ancestors.

Continued in the last column

Cycling Over the Surrey Hills



A Sunny Day—Spinning along a lane near Ashstead



Where Are We?—A roadside halt to consult the map near Redhill

THE SEVEN MEN OF ADLINGTON

How They Did a
Great ThingIT IS NEVER TOO LATE
TO BELIEVE

A splendid story comes from Adlington, a Lancashire village, where two years ago everything seemed hopeless.

The colliery had closed down. There was nothing before the miners except unemployment and misery.

But seven of them had faith in the mine. They pooled their savings, £200, and borrowed £150 from the British Legion. Then they bought the Duxbury pit and spent three months getting it ready, months that did not bring in a penny.

Two years have passed and now the mine is earning about £30 a day. The seven men who bought the mine are still working hard in the pit, although they employ 30 other miners. There is still no money for luxuries, because everything except bread and cheese and rent must go back into the pit. The little company has just bought a coal-cutter for £100, and they mean to make their colliery the most efficient in Lancashire.

A Happy Ending

A writer from the Sunday Dispatch crawled down a gallery in the mine to interview the managing director, whom he discovered, streaked with sweat and black dust, cutting coal. Gleefully the miner told him that there was enough coal in the mine to keep them busy for several lifetimes.

To spend your day ankle deep in mud, crouched in narrow galleries, slaving away by lantern light, does not seem a very lovely prospect. But it seems heaven to the miner who foresaw a lifetime of unemployment stretching drearily away before him.

The story has a happy ending, only because the seven unemployed miners made a happy ending, and gloriously turned failure into success.

Continued from the first column

THE VERY DANGEROUS SAFETY BADGE

We pass on this note sent to us by a correspondent who is interested in our crusade against the Inflammable Celluloid.

Celluloid, being a highly inflammable material, should not be used on Christmas trees or in decorative schemes. Highly inflammable celluloid toys should not be given to children.

These are instructions to teachers from the National Safety First Association, which has a badge, a very pretty badge, that costs only a penny. One of the officers issuing these rules glanced down at his badge with the words Safety First on it, and for the first time it struck him that the badges were celluloid!

Immediately he determined that no more badges could be sent out. Some of

his colleagues thought he was pushing consistency too far. "But the children expect them," they said. "You'll never get anything else as pretty that we can sell for a penny—and they are so tiny!"

But the Safety First man was adamant. Their organisation should not be a living lie. He sent out far and wide to see what could be done, and the result is a badge of nonflammable celluloid, prettier than the old one, and a small fraction of a farthing cheaper.

One of our readers who has been crusading against Celluloid for years tells us that only the other day he found the maids in his house wearing the same sort of celluloid cuffs which burned a maid to death a week or two ago.

The liner's decks are high above the sea and her hatches are of defiant steel; the cargo-boat's decks are low and exposed, and her hatches fragile by comparison. All such little ships, we are assured, challenge fate in a storm-scoured North Atlantic.

British shipping, like other industries, is suffering from the world-wide trade depression, and it would no doubt be unreasonable to ask our shipowners to incur the cost of refitting their vessels with steel hatches, while foreign competitors continue with cheap wooden hatches. Sooner or later, however, for the safety of life and property at sea, the reform will have to be effected.

WONDER ON WONDER

THIS WAY ACROSS THE WORLD

New Passenger Service From
England to Australia

THE FLYING ROUTE

There is something very dramatic in the new passenger service now being opened to Australia.

It is the first regular flying service across the world, and it brings Australia to well within a fortnight at the travelling rate of over 1000 miles a day, with every night spent on land.

The service is organised by Imperial Airways, the time is 12 days, and the distance travelled is 12,754 miles. A Londoner can say for the first time: "I shall be in Australia next week."

Travel in Comfort

Passengers will change machines four times and travel by train between Paris and Brindisi. Setting out on Handley Page Heracles machines or on Short-Scyllas, they will be taken across the Mediterranean in Short flying-boats, continuing their journey to Karachi in Handley Page Hannibals; Armstrong-Whitworth Atalantas will take them on to Singapore, where de Havilland four-engined air liners will complete the route to Brisbane. The fare to Brisbane is £195. Pictures showing the types of machines used are given on page 9, and the route is shown on the World Map.

The 12 days seem a long time compared with the time of Mr C. W. Scott in the great race last year, when he reached Melbourne in 71 hours, but Scott flew by night and day, whereas the passengers on this new air route will travel in comfort and sleep on land. As the normal journey to Melbourne by mail steamer takes 30 days there is a great saving of time by the air route.

The Old Way Round the Cape

Men and women are still living who might have travelled on the first regular service to Australia. This was begun by the P. and O. in 1851, and involved disembarkation at Alexandria, a journey up the Nile to Cairo, and by camel or other conveyance over the desert to another ship at Suez. The normal route, however, was by sailing-ship round the Cape, the fastest run up to 1852 being made by a ship of under 500 tons in 83 days. A record for the round voyage was six months all but three days.

The first British colony to Australia took from May 1787 to the following January to reach their destination at Botany Bay, so a journey of 250 days has now been reduced to 12.

The 400 free persons who accompanied Governor Phillip and his convicts on that memorable journey had been persuaded to seek the new country by Sir Joseph Banks, who had accompanied Captain Cook on his great voyage 19 years earlier. Captain Cook set out in the Endeavour in 1768 primarily to observe the Transit of Venus, but the Admiralty asked him to find out if the Southern Hemisphere, hitherto unexplored, contained another continent.

Mystery of the Southern Seas

This part of the world was shrouded in mystery. Bits of land appeared on Dutch charts, for in the 17th century Dirk Hartog and Pelsaert and Tasman had touched on islands and barren coasts which they surmised might belong to some vast country. Then in 1688 William Dampier, an Englishman, explored the coast for nearly a thousand miles, landing for water and seeing a kangaroo.

Captain Cook approached from the east and, coasting northward, dropped anchor in Botany Bay on April 28, 1770. On its shores he hoisted the Union Jack, claiming the territory for England.

He then completed his survey of the east coast and, returning home by way of Torres Strait, anchored in the Downs in June 1771. He named the new

A YORKSHIRE BOY

From Village Workshop to Westminster Cathedral

ROMANTIC STORY OF THE NEW ARCHBISHOP

A Yorkshire lad some 60 years ago helped his father, the village joiner, in his workshop at Carlton near Selby: he has now been nominated Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminster.

Arthur Hinsley had a love of books as a lad and was sent to Ushaw College near Durham, where he became so brilliant a scholar that he was sent to the English College at Rome. He became in turn a professor at Ushaw and Rector of the College at Rome.

But before becoming Rector he had accomplished much in his native land. He founded St Bede's School at Bradford, where he taught with an enthusiasm which enabled his pupils to pass examinations at the earliest possible age, and then he threw his unbounded energy into social work in Southwark.

In recent years he has been responsible for missionary and educational work in Africa, where he has travelled hundreds of miles on horseback and by canoe, enduring hardships and being stricken with fever. Returning from Africa to Rome last year Arthur Hinsley was appointed a Canon of St Peter's.

ERRAND-BOY AND PRIME MINISTER

He Saved Australia From Disaster

Errand-boy at nine, Premier of his native Tasmania at 43, and at 50 called to the helm of the Australian Commonwealth itself in an hour of crisis.

That is the story of Joseph Aloysius Lyons, who is on his first visit to England, where he has received a special welcome as the man who saved the finances of his country and the savings of many people who had lent them to Australia.

The boy Joseph Lyons was eager to learn, and his two aunts decided that he should have his chance, so at 12 he left his job as an errand-boy and went to school again. He reached the University of Tasmania and became a teacher. Anxious to improve the conditions of the State school teachers, he took up politics and entered the Tasmanian Parliament, where he won a reputation as speaker and administrator. In 1929 he was elected to the Federal Parliament, where he fought hard to solve the economic problems by honest and courageous methods. He fought and won a hard struggle against Mr J. T. Lang, the Premier of New South Wales, who was ready to repudiate the debts of his State. By paying the interest out of Commonwealth funds and then compelling the State to put its house in order he saved a catastrophe; and then he carried through a conversion to lower rates of interest of all the loans held in Australia.

And so this island boy won his way to become one of the leaders of the British Commonwealth of Nations.

Continued from the previous column

country New South Wales, from a resemblance it bore to the southern coast of Wales, and the Australian State in which Botany Bay lies still bears this name.

The mystery of the Southern Seas had at last been solved, and there lay for the taking a territory worthy of development. Very different was the report of Captain Cook and Sir Joseph Banks from the accounts of the earlier Dutchmen and Dampier of desolate, uninhabitable wastes, so that the British Government came to realise that this land might take the place of the American colonies lost a few years later.

As it was, Captain Phillip only arrived just in time, for two days after he had cast anchor La Pérouse sailed into his harbour, hoping to claim it for France.

See World Map

JOHN BUCHAN FOR CANADA

The Right Man in the Right Place

Colonel John Buchan will be the first commoner to be appointed Governor-General of Canada.

But, as Robert Burns wrote, the rank is but the guinea stamp; a man's a man for a' that. John Buchan is a man after Scotland's own heart, and what Scotland thinks today Canada will think tomorrow.

He is known far and wide outside his native land. He was known in South Africa as Lord Milner's secretary in the testing days at the end of the South African War.

For forty years he has been a worker, finding time to write a score of novels and biographies in the intervals of being editor, publisher, and M.P.

Many have called him brilliant, but the quality in which he excels is responsibility. It was that which made him M.P. for the Scottish Universities. It was that which brought to him one of the highest honours his country confers on its sons, that of being appointed Lord High Commissioner to the Church of Scotland.

If the tact, sympathy, and devotion he brought to that responsible office are warrant for his future, then Canada will rate him as a worthy Governor.

LAW OR GOOD SENSE?

Too Much Prison For Young People

Too many young people are sent to prison for trivial offences.

Mr Cecil Whiteley, K.C., the Common Serjeant, speaking on the Report of the Discharged Prisoners Aid Society, said the most difficult cases to deal with are the old offenders, and that invariably such people have been sent to prison, when young, for some trivial offence. Last year 196 girls between 17 and 21 were sent to Holloway for various terms, and of these 162 had never been convicted before.

The Common Serjeant went on to urge all Justices of the Peace to ask whether it was necessary to send anyone under 21 to prison, and we agree. It is the greatest crime to rob a young person of self-respect. In Russia they put the young offender (and often the old one too) on their honour not to do it again. That is good sense and Christian charity.

FESTIVAL OF SPEECH 1000 Children Talk

Over a thousand children took part in the London Speech Festival.

In teams of up to 25 voices they spoke their set verses or passages from the Bible, one remarkable choir being entirely of deaf children from a Birmingham school. Some students of the Barry Training College gave a recital of Welsh poetry, and in the evening there was a performance of Antigone by the London Verse-Speaking Choir.

Verse-speaking in chorus can be most impressive. It has been a neglected art, but the large number of entries for this year's Festival shows that its possibilities are now being widely explored.

THE OLD FIRM CARRIES ON

The great publishing firm of Hodder and Stoughton has never taken in a new partner nor a new director other than direct descendants of the founders of the firm, Matthew Henry Hodder and Thomas Wilberforce Stoughton. Now Mr R. Percy Hodder-Williams (the Chairman) and his brother Ralph announce that they are appointing to the directorate two of their nephews, Paul Hodder-Williams and John Attenborough, great-grandsons of Mr Hodder, the original senior partner 67 years ago.

INCREASING OUR POWER RESOURCES

Great Possibilities of the Future

A SIX-MILE TUNNEL THROUGH THE GRAMPIANS

Our engineers have begun to bore a tunnel which will extend for six miles through the Grampians.

When it is completed, in about three years, the waters from Loch Garry will flow through it into Loch Erich and raise its level by 14 feet.

The boring of this tunnel is one more stage in the Grampian Electricity Scheme whereby the waters of great lakes and the rivers which flow into them will be available for providing power and light over an area of 4200 square miles. The area which is being tapped is over 400 square miles and its annual rainfall is between 50 and 100 inches.

This Grampian scheme was begun in 1928, and within three years a powerhouse at Loch Rannoch was linked up with the national grid at Abernethy and supplied power to Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Dundee. The Loch Rannoch powerhouse was fed from Loch Erich, nearly 500 feet higher and four miles away.

A Huge Reservoir

A dam was built across the River Trewin, and its waters taken by an aqueduct to the northern end of Loch Erich. Another dam, 1300 feet long, and 50 feet high, was built across a river at the southern end of this lake, making it 12 feet deeper. Loch Erich thus became a huge reservoir 14 miles long, and holding 3425 million cubic feet of water, or more than three times as much as before.

A cutting and pipes regulate its flow to Loch Rannoch powerhouse and the water then flows through that lake to a dam in the River Tummel, where there is another powerhouse. When the schemes are complete these two powerhouses will supply 110,000 h.p.

To the north of this Grampian scheme lies the Lochaber scheme, where two other lakes are linked and send their waters through a tunnel under Ben Nevis to the powerhouse of an aluminium company at Fort William.

These two schemes are only a beginning of the enormous possibilities of the mountain area of Scotland with its lakes and streams and its huge rainfall.

BARTER WITH INDIA

From India comes an official report that Japan, America, and Germany are seriously competing in that market.

Japan now supplies over 50 per cent of India's woollen piece-goods, while the imports of Japanese apparel, haberdashery, millinery, and glassware have increased steadily.

THINGS SAID

An intuition which declines the test of reason is a moral and social offence.

Professor J. L. Stocks

If we lose our art we shall lose the only beautiful thing man has created.

Miss Nancy Price

When the Church venerates a man it is not for what he did but for what he was.

Dr Butt

Not one village in ten possesses a recreation ground where children are safe from the dangers of the road.

Manchester Guardian

When I was young I could have gone from Downing Street to Shaftesbury Avenue in seven minutes; now it takes half an hour.

Mr Baldwin

The links uniting the German and English nations are too strong to be broken even by warfare.

The German Ambassador

SPRING IN TOWN AND COUNTRY—HYDE PARK AND WORCESTERSHIRE



The Pram Parade—The carriages of the very little Londoners and the tricycles of their older brothers and sisters make a busy traffic scene in Hyde Park on a fine spring afternoon



A Field of Gold—Gathering daffodils in the Vale of Evesham

NEW LIGHT ON OLD MASTERS

PICTURES FOR LONDON'S EVENINGS
National Gallery Trying a Great Experiment

EVENING LECTURES

Keeping up with the times the National Gallery, realising that busy Londoners might find more leisure to see their pictures after dark, is trying the experiment of lighting them up in the evening.

The gallery is now open free on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday evenings till 8 o'clock; and a free lecture is given on Wednesday's from 6.30 to 7.30.

Anybody who suspected that Londoners were the last people who wanted to see pictures famous all over the world would quickly be undeceived on a Saturday afternoon or during the brief two hours of winter daylight on a Sunday; but when dusk closed down the Gallery would go to sleep, and those who wanted entertainment had to seek it at the theatre or at the Pictures of another kind, however bad they might be. But if the National Gallery takes heart of grace at the success of its first experiment we shall be at last within sight of the day when all our galleries and museums will be open for us when we have most time for seeing how rich, varied, and beautiful they are.

Pleasurable Vistas

It seems almost too good to be true, but to those of hopeful mind the most pleasurable vistas are opening out. There may come a time when, like the favoured visitors invited to Royal Academy soirées, we shall stroll round the pictures after dinner. We might even take coffee with an Old Master. At present the opportunities for refreshment of the inner man at our treasure houses lag far behind those for the improvement of the mind.

But we need not lose hope. When light has once broken in all these places may wake up. The British Museum might put a lift where everybody can see it, or find something better than the poky tearoom now closing at five o'clock. The concerts at the Victoria and Albert Museum and at the London Museum might be extended.

One of the excuses made for the absence of such reforms is that our national institutions cannot afford them, but we think that any steps taken to bring more people into them would bring in more money as well. In several London public galleries are collection-boxes for the National Art Collections Fund, and subscriptions are generous.

Sixpenny Evenings?

We are all against paying for our public galleries, but, if it should be found necessary, sixpenny evenings might be tried. They would probably bring in a good deal more revenue than odd sixpenny days. But when the picture gallery and museum habit had been firmly established, as we believe it would become by the help of evening visits, this out-of-date charge might also go.

It can bring in only a paltry amount compared with the gallery's cost of upkeep and it keeps a good many away because of the haphazard way in which it is levied. If by the expedient of making the museums and galleries doubly attractive the attendance could be doubled we do not doubt that the public would pay both by its presence and out of its pocket.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Abacus	Ab-a-kus
Benares	Be-nah-reez
Brindisi	Breen-de-zee
Kalevala	Kah-le-vah-la
Karachi	Ka-rah-che
Spica	Spy-ka

ROBOT TIME-TABLE

Press a Button and Find Your Train

By pressing a button at a railway station a time-table of trains to the place we wish to visit leaps before our eyes.

A robot machine which saves the traveller questioning the porter or puzzling over an intricate table of figures has been installed at Victoria Station, and similar machines will soon appear on other stations on the Southern Railway.

The only complex thing about this new device is its name, Multiple Informator, and no one is ever likely to refer to it under this title.

It is simplicity itself to work and understand. Resembling an automatic ticket machine in form it has a glass panel at the eye-level and four rows of numbered keys below. Behind the glass is a numbered list of the stations on the system. When the button with the number of the required station is pressed there slides into view a card on which are printed the times at which trains leave and arrive.

The card is printed in four colours—yellow for week day down trains, pink for weekday up trains, and green and orange for Sunday services.

Thus yet another public facility has become automatic and the machine saves the mind in another direction. Many a worried traveller has been driven to distraction by the asterisks and other queer signs in the printed time-table generally used, or has lost his train by failing to read a footnote. This machine should do away with all that.

WIMBLEDON JUBILEE

A Historic Playground

The King's Jubilee has a special significance for the girls of Wimbledon High School, for by a happy coincidence the date has a distinct bearing on their historic playground.

Perhaps unknown to many, Wimbledon High School girls take their recreation on the site of the first lawn tennis championship meeting. Sixty years ago lawn tennis was first played publicly at the All England Croquet Club at Wimbledon. Two years later the first championship meeting was held there.

In the lifetime of a generation the game grew out of all expectation. At its first meeting 200 spectators gathered to witness the finals, the men in top hats and women in flowing gowns; its gallery now exceeds 20,000. It outgrew the accommodation available in Worple Road, and in 1922 the old ground was abandoned for the new.

Rather than lose the historic association and allow the sacred ground to be seized by the builder the people of Wimbledon conceived the idea of purchasing the ground for Wimbledon High School. Through the generosity of friends and parents the site is to be used for all time as a playing-field.

Those connected with the school are not content with merely possessing the ground, but are anxious to erect a memorial to the game, to make the site more worthy of its tradition. Rejoicing in the fact that the King's Jubilee and the diamond jubilee of the first public game of lawn tennis fall in the same year, the people of Wimbledon are issuing a dual Jubilee appeal. They hope to raise £1000, and if the sum is realised some fine entrance gates, bearing the names of those past champions who played on the old Centre Court, will be put up.

THE TRUMP CARD

By Sir Ian Hamilton

Be sensible and pay no heed to any who may try to envenom the situation and make things difficult for our statesmen. We hold the trump card in our hands as being the only nation in all Europe that has carried out its disarmament promises.

NEW IDEA ABOUT WAGES

Interesting Proposal in Parliament

Lord Stanley of Alderley has introduced in the House of Lords a Bill which seeks to provide for discovering the minimum cost of living in specified areas and keeping of lists of particulars of wages paid below this minimum.

The Bill proposes that the Minister of Labour shall divide England and Scotland into areas where "the cost of living shall so far as reasonably practicable be the same," and then ascertain as regards each area the minimum cost of living for an adult able-bodied person.

The figures are to be published, and any employer paying wages less than the declared minimum cost of living must notify the nearest Exchange. A list giving the names of such employers and the wage rates reported is to be open to public inspection.

Only the Government itself could secure time to pass such a Bill, but its introduction is proof of the advance in the feeling for social legislation.

BETTER OFF

Wages Since the War

When a man knows that he is worse off now than before the war it is small consolation to be told that the bulk of wage-earners are better off, but the fact remains.

If we represent pre-war wages by 100, then at the end of last December wages were, on the whole, lumping all trades together, represented by 165—an increase of 65 per cent. As the cost of living is only about 40 per cent higher, this means a real rise in real wages—in what money buys.

So far we have spoken of the mass, of the average wage. If we examine trades in detail we find very great differences.

A bootmaker now gets 54s a week as compared with only 29s or 30s in 1914.

A bricklayer gets about 1s 5d an hour as compared with under 10d.

An engineer's labourer gets 42s a week as compared with 23s.

THE QUEEN'S PRAM

We do not pretend to know everything the Queen reads, but we do know one thing she reads. It is the magazine issued by a Mission in East London.

This is how Peter Sherlock Holmes Puck arrived at the knowledge.

In the magazine there appeared recently an appeal for a folding pram. It was wanted for a woman who lived in an upstairs flat, and whose landlady would not allow her to keep a perambulator in the hall. The woman could not carry her old, solid pram up and down the stairs alone, nor could she afford to buy a new one. Her two little children were almost prisoners.

But that is over now. The Queen read the appeal, and ordered a double folding pram such as she had seen at the British Industries Fair to be sent to the Mission. This pram folds quite easily and can be carried up and down stairs almost as easily as a picnic basket.

A NEW INDUSTRY WITH 25,000 PEOPLE

One remarkable thing about that great new industry artificial silk (rayon) is that its operations are widely spread about the country.

If we take the chief firm engaged in it, Messrs Courtaulds, we find that it has works in Essex, Lancashire, Yorkshire, Warwickshire, Wales, and Northants. Altogether it has 20 factories in 13 towns or villages, and three new ones are being erected. There are 12 distinct but allied branches of the industry, and this single firm employs 25,000 people. The firm also makes nearly all the machinery it uses.

A TUNNEL UNDER THE TYNE

Scheme To Link the Two Shields

LONG-NEEDED ROAD IN NORTH-EAST ENGLAND

A road tunnel under the River Tyne promises to be the first great scheme for the relief of the distressed area of North-East England.

For a distance of some eight miles from Newcastle to the sea no bridge crosses or tunnel runs below this important river. Across the river Jarrow looks at Wallsend and South Shields looks at North Shields. Unless they take a boat the inhabitants are hours apart;

The Safeway

The Car takes the Highway
The Walker takes the Pathway
We Cross by the Safeway

in fact, it is 20 miles by road between North and South Shields, though the towns are within hailing distance.

North Shields has for some years wanted a tunnel, and South Shields has wanted a bridge. Now, however, Captain Euan Wallace and Mr Malcolm Stewart have succeeded in making peace between the two towns, with the result that a road tunnel, which will cost £1,500,000, has been agreed on. The tunnel will be a mile and a half long.

It is hoped that the Road Fund will be available for 60 per cent of the cost, the Special Area fund being available for a further grant.

The road tunnel will not only supply work for the unemployed, but will help the development of all the riverside towns, attracting new factories.

THE MEAT TROUBLE

British v Dominion Farmer

With the Dominion Ministers in London for the Royal Jubilee it is hoped to settle the great Meat Trouble.

Australia and New Zealand are opposed to the British Government's proposal to levy 1d a lb on foreign meat and 3d on Dominion meat. They ask for the continuance of Free Entry for their products.

They put it like this: "We owe British investors large annual sums of interest which can only be paid in our produce. If you cut down our supplies to your market, how are we to pay interest? How, also, are we to buy your manufactures, for we can only pay for imports by supplying you with produce."

Our difficulty is that we must study our own as well as the Dominion farmers. Here producers complain bitterly of the competition of Dominion mutton, lamb, beef, cheese, eggs, butter, and fruit.

It shows how difficult it is to reconcile opposing interests when once we begin with tariffs.

If the Dominions cannot sell all their produce here, they point out, they must sell it to foreign countries and take in exchange foreign manufactures.

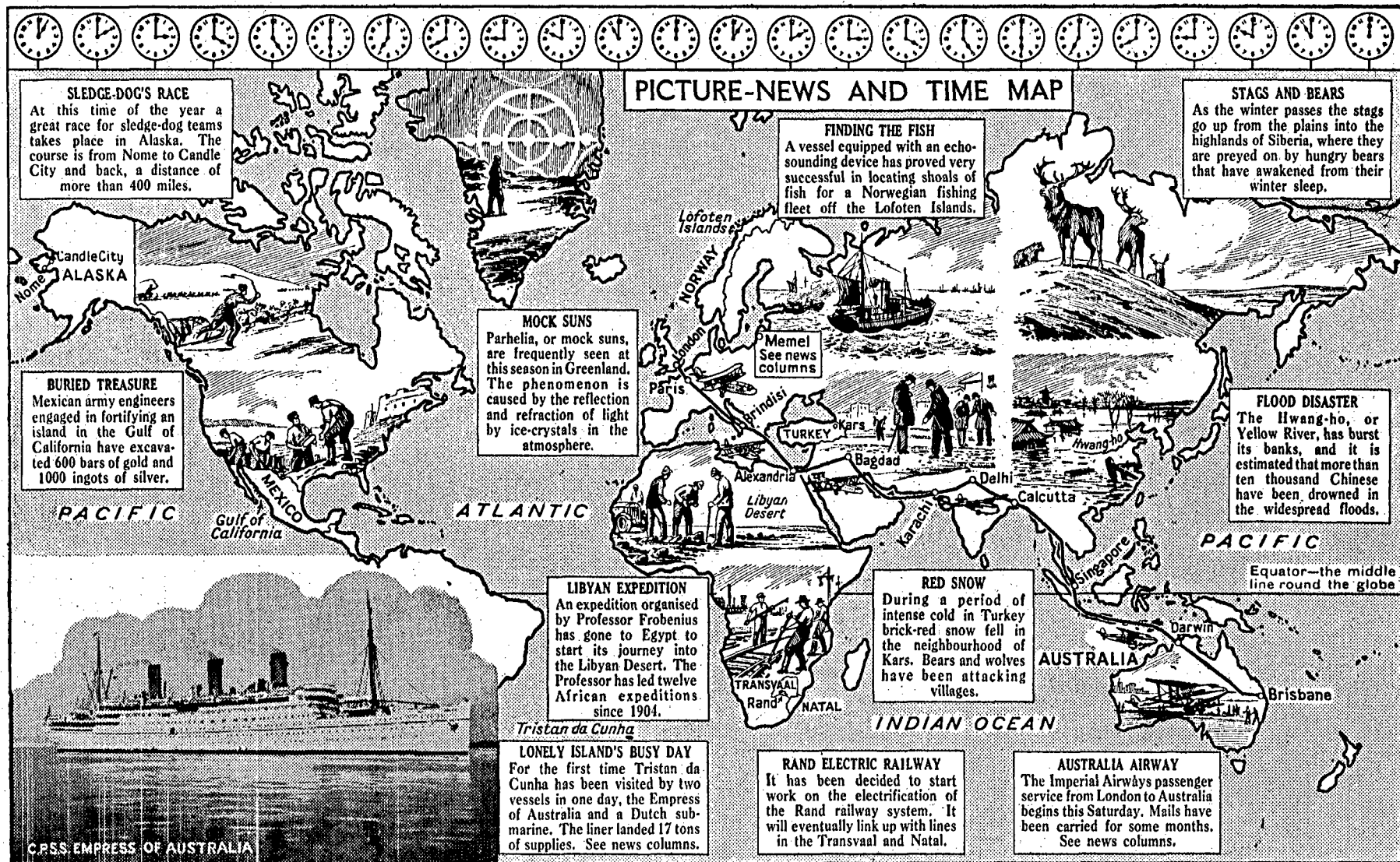
SCRAPPING OLD SHIPS

State Money For New Ones

The Government is lending up to £10,000,000 to British shipowners to help them to scrap old ships and build new ones, and to modernise existing ships when that can be done judiciously.

To qualify for State money a shipowner must scrap at least two tons for each new ton built. This plan is to run for two years only.

A Ships Replacement Committee has been set up to control the issue of money under the scheme.



THE LONELY ISLAND'S FRIEND A London Solicitor's Love

By a strange coincidence there have appeared in the papers on the same day a letter from a man about the matter nearest his heart and the announcement of his death.

Mr Douglas Gane, who has died at 72, was secretary of the Tristan da Cunha Fund. Always he had been interested in the bleak island 1320 miles from the nearest land, and in the end he became the champion of this lonely outpost of Empire. Constantly he wrote to the press about the hardships on that rocky island, about the great loneliness, for ships only call rarely, though two have just called in one day, for the first time in the island's history.

He reminded us of the people's loyalty and courage and their plight when the harvest fails.

His last letter to the press states that the British Museum has accepted some records of Tristan, among them documents concerning Corporal Glass, who founded the settlement in 1817 and ruled it till 1853. Two of the documents really form the island's Constitution, and Dr Robin Flower says the set of papers is altogether a fascinating addition to our materials for the history of the British Empire.

There was something romantic in the attachment of this London solicitor to the far-away island; but it was a romance that took a most practical and benevolent form. In him the 172 inhabitants of Tristan da Cunha have lost a most devoted friend. See World Map

THE RABBIT HOLE

When Madame Capitelli went to feed the rabbits in her garden near Nice she found the floors of the hutches covered thickly with silver coins.

During the night the rabbits had burrowed a hole and revealed this hidden treasure, more than a 100 silver pieces stamped with portraits of Louis the Fifteenth and Louis the Sixteenth.

SAYING IT IN FLOWERS Tilbury's Welcome

We hope that by the time these words appear in print Tilbury Docks will have solved its spring problem. This is, what flowers are to bloom in the gardens this year?

The gardens of Tilbury Docks have leaped into fame since they were first planted five years ago; and no wonder. Travellers have become so accustomed to seeing dreary surroundings when they embark or disembark that they experience a thrill of surprised pleasure at having flowers to wave them farewell or bid them joyous welcome to England.

The gardeners are the dock officials, who do their cheerful work in their spare time.

The soil is not too good at Tilbury, and the time to spare is limited. We must all be grateful for the serious consideration given to this question of what flowers shall bloom at Tilbury this year, for they may be the first English flowers the stranger at our gates will see, and the last he will look on when leaving us.

UNCLE TOM RETURNS

It is good news that Uncle Tom has come back to his kingdom.

Uncle Tom is the pet name given to Mr A. R. Osborne, the attendant of the High Wycombe municipal playground. The children loved him far more than the swings or the paddling-pool or the sand heap. He was their friend, playmate, and—rescuer. He kept a spare pair of trousers to lend boys who fell into the paddling-pool, and he dried the wet ones to save trouble when the boys got home!

Great was the outcry when it was announced that the Council had decided to do without an attendant at the playground. The Council felt it must economise; but now it knows that it must do so in some other direction, for there has been such a bombardment of indignant letters from the parents of crying children that Uncle Tom is reinstated.

A VERY HIGH IDEAL Who Will Help To Make It True?

Mr Herbert Morrison, of the L.C.C., said a fine thing when appealing for "any number of volunteers" to serve on Children's Care Committees.

He said that those who volunteered for such service to the Education Officer at County Hall would have the satisfaction of knowing that they were contributing to the consummation of a very high ideal—that no school child in need of food was unprovided for; that no child found by the school doctor to require treatment or advice failed to receive it; and that no child leaving school should do so in ignorance of the possibilities his neighbourhood had to offer in the way of suitable employment, further education, and healthy recreation.

We hope that Mr Morrison will get his volunteers.

RESCUES WHILE YOU WAIT

It was a nice day, and he was off duty, so P.C. Charles Fox said he would take the baby out.

If he had stayed indoors with a newspaper or a wireless set there would be no Victor Woodbridge alive today. If Mrs Fox had taken too long in dressing up Baby there would have been heart-break for another mother.

Knowing nothing of this, P.C. Fox went sauntering along in the sunshine with his baby, thinking how peaceful it was to be off duty. (Heroism is never really off duty.)

Near Millbank, Westminster, something was seen struggling in the water. A little boy of seven was being swept away by the tide.

P.C. Fox did not wait long enough to take off his coat; he just asked a passer-by to mind the pram and plunged in; he rescued the drowning boy, and then took Baby home.

SUMMER TIME

Summer Time begins on Sunday morning, so all clocks must be put forward one hour on Saturday night.

THE MEMEL PROBLEM Trouble Spot in Eastern Europe

The European Peace talks, and the Nazi agitation in Memel point to one of the many danger spots in Europe.

Lithuania is a small Republic of under three million people carved out of the Russian Empire. She has a dispute with Poland over her ancient capital of Vilna and a dispute with Germany over the port of Memel.

Memel was taken from Germany by the Treaty of Versailles, and it was intended to make it a Free State like Danzig. French troops occupied it temporarily, but Lithuania turned them out and seized the port. After this Lithuania was allowed to keep what she had taken, and Memel became incorporated in Lithuania, subject to the local government of the city and international administration of the port.

Memel is a foundation of the Teutonic Order dating from 1250. Germany has always protested against its seizure, and the trouble came to a head with a Nazi plot to seize the city and hand it back to Germany. The Nazis failed, and 126 were arrested and tried. On March 26 four of them were condemned to death for murdering a man suspected of betraying them to the Lithuanian authorities. Dr Neumann, the leader of the Memel Nazis, and his deputy have been sentenced to 12 years imprisonment, nine others to nine years, two others (including the former president of the Memel Chamber) to eight years. All the property of the accused has been confiscated.

Memel is one of the sore spots in Eastern Europe, a problem left over which must one day be settled.

THE TRUMPET

Benares has been seeking a distinctive signal for its broadcasting station, and it was suggested that the trumpeting of an elephant would do.

The idea has been warmly welcomed.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

APRIL 13 1935

Just in Front of You

WE must train boys and girls in the art of clear thinking, for there is a certain amount of definite knowledge they should have before they become citizens, says the Headmaster of Merchant Taylors School.

The C.N. agrees.

A child at 14 is separated by only seven years from the possession of a vote, so your place in the world is only just in front of you.

Duty and responsibility are grave words, but they need not deter us. To learn to use our body and mind usefully; to employ our natural gifts for ourselves and those we love; to understand that we are members of a nation needing our work and help; to be ashamed to receive benefits from society without giving service in return—these are the most important elements of true citizenship.

It is a proud thing to be a good member of a great people, and, while clear thinking cannot give us genius, it can make the most of the average human being. It is interesting to learn about our country and other countries, to understand the basic elements of work, to gain an intelligent view of our little world and its connections. There is no dull moment in life for anyone who knows men and countries, books and things, land and sea and sky.

As for public affairs, no child should think them beyond understanding. Those who rule countries are no more than men, and their "greatness" is no more than children can understand. It is often a fiction, for too many of these men are not only far from being great, but even far from being wise. *Is there anywhere in the world a set of men so unwise as the whole body of the world's rulers?*

There are no real mysteries in government, but there are sometimes concealments, and the children of today can grow up to demand that no pretended mystery shall conceal from them the management of affairs.

Not least among the things to acquire is the habit of order, of tidiness.

To learn to keep a desk in order is to be on the road to be a good head of a household, a good ruler of a town or a nation.

The future citizen, deft of hand, strong of body, quick of brain, keen of eye, well ordered and self controlled, helpful and generous, is potential in every one of us.

A nation controlled by such citizens would be great indeed.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



A Strange Country

A MAN has been fined at Croydon for selling children toys on a barrow used for collecting rags. The idea is that toys with rags might spread disease.

There are those who think ours a strange country, and strange it is with a Home Office which guards a child from a toy which has touched a rag, but allows a man to sell the child a celluloid toy like a bomb.

A Dramatic Picture of Our Time

WHEN a property owner dies his estate is taxed, and a higher degree of taxation is demanded from big estates than from little ones.

In the financial year ending March 1934 as much as £524,000,000 was left by those who died, and the division of this sum gives startling results, for a small number of people owned the greater part of it:

125,859 people left £176,000,000

8334 people left £348,000,000

The 125,859 people had about £1400 apiece while the 8334 people had over £40,000 apiece.

That is a most remarkable picture of our varied society.

What Can Be Done if You Try

IN Sweden the unemployed number only one per cent of the people; in Italy about two per cent. Here the percentage is about five per cent.

If we had as few unemployed as Italy in relation to population the number would be 920,000 instead of 2,200,000. Both Sweden and Italy have followed the policy of paying for work done instead of paying people to be idle.

The Litter Duke

WE heartily sympathise with the desire of a reader of The Times that it should not be thought that the readers of that paper are Litter Louts, but was it not one of our park keepers who declared that one of the worst Litter Louts was a duke he knows?

Not in a Hurry

By Mr Baldwin

WE must not allow ourselves to be dispirited. I heard a story of a man who was talking to a very distinguished Chinese (and the great advantage of the Chinese mind is that it does not hurry). The man made this observation: *Do you not think that the French Revolution of 1789 has had a profound effect on the future of humanity?*

The Chinese scholar made this reply: *Do you not think it is rather too soon to say?*

The Great Silence

SILENCE, unbelievers, cynics, demagogues, and profiteers, and forward tomorrow for the Republic and for France. French Foreign Minister

A Lovely Spot

THERE is still time to see the wonderful Daffodil Carpet at the foot of the Victoria Tower at Westminster, 25,000 British-grown daffodils which would have thrilled the heart of Wordsworth.

It happens that they are growing, too, in one of those rare corners of London where we may stand, look round, and say that everything is well and fair.

If

HERR OBERTH says that if someone will give him £50,000 he will build a rocket aeroplane capable of carrying three people the 240,000 miles to the Moon.

If someone will give us £50,000 we will build houses capable of carrying 333 people from the slums to heaven on Earth.

Tip-Cat

THERE is more in bell-ringing than pulling a rope. Of course there is a bell.

SPRING Cleaning Without Tears, says a headline. Dry cleaning.

A BAKER's boy has become a millionaire. Saw his bread rise and thought he would.

As regards cyclists and motorists, it is said that there are careful people on both sides. But the really careful are on the left side.

Peter Puck Wants to know



If painters make good canvassers

THE watch repairer is busy just now. We thought his business was winding up.

A BOAT race: Gondoliers.

A CABINET Minister has been giving an address to hikers. Did he think they had no homes?

PLAYING draughts steadies the emotions. Yet it is a moving game.

THIN people are said to be less stubborn than fat ones. You can twist them round your little finger.

BIG incomes are made out of journalism. Paper money.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

WE are now making more steel than before the war.

A THOUSAND British Building Societies have a capital of £500,000,000.

A MILLION pounds has been collected in pennies for Leeds Hospital during 47 years.

JUST AN IDEA

If impetuosity is the vice of youth, is not limpetuosity (if one may coin a word) the sin of age?

The Captain, the Trader, and the African Chief

A COUNTRY vicar, approached by a young member of his congregation with a missionary-box, declined to give as "he did not believe in foreign missions," whereupon the young collector said: "Well, sir, will you then take some money out of this box, for it is meant for the conversion of the heathen."

It would have been an education to this vicar had he been at a dinner on a ship coming from an African port to England. There were three people at the table—the Captain, an English trader, and an African Chief, and this is what they said.

The Captain was recounting his experiences in the various stations of a missionary society which he had visited on his travels.

The Trader, in a very emphatic voice, declared that he had no use for missions, and did not believe in them.

The African Chief, turning to the trader, said: "If it was not for those mission stations for which you have no use, you would be on the table by now, and not at it."

The Cold Winds May Blow

By Our Country Girl

A BITTER wind is here, The garden wilts with frost, The buds are down, The leaves are brown, My tender flowers are lost.

BUT oak and beech stand firm Above the shrivelled grass. False friends will go When ill winds blow, But friendship will not pass.

The Great Adventure

ONE of our readers who wishes with us that we had more news of the animal kingdom in our papers tells us an odd little tale of a great flood in which the River Trent overflowed its banks a year or two ago. He lives in a lonely bungalow in a field, and had a small pool with two goldfish in it when the floods came.

Our friend and his wife at last escaped in a cart across the water, and away across the field they found one of the goldfish swimming merrily. They were able to rescue him, and today he is still in his pool, a goldfish with a great adventure behind him, like that hen of Lord Dunsany's which went on a journey and came back with the great news of the world.

The Apple Tree

The apple tree is rosy white With every spring, You could not buy a lovelier sight If you were king.

The apple tree is red and gold With every fall, No sweeter fruit is bought and sold On Earth at all.

Oh, how the king and all his heirs Must envy me! I've got, instead of crown and cares. An apple tree. Janet Farwell

PAYING FOR WORK INSTEAD OF IDLENESS

TRYING A GREAT IDEA

A Plan That is Succeeding in
France and Sweden

THE UNEMPLOYED ARE AT WORK

The idea of setting the unemployed to work at the right rate of wages is being adopted in France and Sweden on certain great schemes now put in operation there.

It has been the C.N. idea for years that it should be possible for the public to call upon unemployed men to work out the equivalent of their pay by doing work of special importance, and it is this which is now being done in the eastern half of France.

The Minister of Labour has put in hand a scheme of afforestation, drainage, and roadmaking in the State forests which exist in 13 Departments from the Channel to the Mediterranean.

No Work No Pay

This work is to be available only for the unemployed, and should there not be enough Frenchmen for the work that has been planned unemployed foreigners, of whom there are many in France, may be called upon.

Though recruiting for this work is voluntary, any who refuse its offer will be promptly deprived of all unemployment benefit. No work no pay.

In the early years of the depression France suffered less unemployment than we did, but her unemployment figures are now rising.

This State action has been prompt and the work is valuable. Our own Forestry Commission does such excellent work in a restricted field that it would be well worth our while to imitate France and extend this work for the benefit of the unemployed.

In Sweden the same kind of plan has met with great success. Sweden practically halved the number of her unemployed last year and brought the percentage down to 1.5, a figure which is regarded as normal.

Bold Action

How has this nation of six million people succeeded where so many other nations have failed?

The fact is that success has come from the bold action of the Swedish Government in daring to adopt measures which many other Governments have not had the courage to adopt. Loans have been authorised for what are called unproductive purposes as well as for productive purposes. The unproductive loans were authorised in the Budgets of 1933 and 1934 and amounted to £15,300,000; a proportionate figure in a British Budget would amount to £220,000,000.

In Sweden there is no State insurance for unemployment, but since 1930 an Unemployment Commission has been granting relief and providing work for as many unemployed as possible at less than trade union rates. This was not enough to meet the critical position which arose from the decline of foreign trade and the increase of unemployment a few years ago, and the new loans were therefore issued.

Trade Union Rates of Pay

The new Government plans were on the principle of the scheme so often advocated in the C.N., providing for public works which would not normally have been carried out for some years and which did not compete with either the relief work of the Unemployed Commission or with existing private enterprises. The Government provided work as far as possible in the trades in which the unemployed had been trained, and full trade union rates were paid.

Among the public works were roads, abolition of level-crossings, canals, afforestation, reservoirs, harbours, public buildings, and housing. In certain

HOW TO DECIDE A WAR

SURELY the innate friendship of people was never better illustrated than when, amid political excitement, a team of German footballers went to Paris and were cheered in the best spirit of sportsmanship when they beat their hosts.

Another such cheerful incident is related by Count Albrecht Montgelas, who reminds us how French cavalry officers were applauded at Berlin when they competed in a jumping contest.

The Germans won, but the French were hailed as second winners, and then a novel idea was carried out. The French and German officers changed horses and jumped the course again. Again the galleries were packed, and again, this time on French horses, the

Germans won. Natural pride in the performance of their countrymen did not in any way lessen the demonstrative appreciation of the Germans for the sporting spirit of the French guests.

The count makes this event the basis of a happy jest. "I suppose," he says, "it is too Utopian a thought to envisage a Europe conscious of a mutual respect for its many races and their individuality but conscious, too, of their common destinies, in which manoeuvres will take place between the armies of two countries and, after the first decision as to who was the victor, the generals will then exchange command and test their generalship by leading the Enemy Forces?"

THE FIREMAN IN FOREST AND TOWN



A watch-tower built in the trees for keeping a look-out for fires in the New Forest.



A new type of fire-escape and water-tower used in London. It is 105 feet high.

A RICH LAND SINKING

CHESHIRE'S GRAVE PERIL

What Brine-Pumping Has Done
To Three Parts of a County

NEW LAKES AND CRACKED BUILDINGS

Our readers heard some time ago of the grave results of the brine-pumping industry of Cheshire.

The town of Northwich and surrounding districts have been gradually sinking so that constant rescue work is needed; roads, with their piping and sewerage, are raised and repaired, buildings are propped up, or often removed altogether in the American manner to a new site. Now this peril has spread over three parts of the county.

From Northwich to Crewe, covering many towns such as Lymm, Nantwich, and Middlewich, the rich land of Cheshire is sinking, slowly but inevitably. It is bad enough for farmers to see vast new meres forming on valuable land, and to find drainage pipes broken or draining in the wrong direction; but when it comes to the towns it is worse still. Houses become unsafe, and the very roadways also, and money constantly drains away.

Knutsford in Peril

This big portion of Cheshire has just been surveyed, and the result compared with the survey of a few years ago. The startling report is that the land has sunk from an eighth of an inch to five feet. Middlewich itself has sunk from one inch to a foot. The Haslington sewage works at Nantwich are seriously affected, and there is a chain of lakes for 300 yards along the river bank at Winsford.

A fact which concerns us all is that the peril has reached Knutsford, that lovely relic of our picturesque past. This little town is full of priceless old timbered buildings, with carvings and old ironwork, and is known up and down the country for its May Queen festival, carried on with all the traditional ritual from the times when rural England was merry indeed.

Tatton Hall Threatened

Here, too, roads are sinking and buildings beginning to crack. At Tatton Hall, the ancient home of Lord Egerton, whose name links together the history of Lancashire and Cheshire, the rich acres are sinking, and the peril creeps ever nearer to the house. Between fifty and a hundred acres are affected, and a lake has already formed, seven feet deep and covering two acres. The drive has sunk more than a yard in some places. A culvert was made to drain the water from this subsidence into Tatton Mere; but now the culvert is conveying the waters of the Mere into the subsidence.

INDUSTRY IS MOVING SOUTH

More Workers Than in
the North

London and the counties round it are today the most important industrial area in England and Wales.

No longer can we speak of the Industrial North as the region in which most of our workers live, for in the past ten years industry has moved south.

The Ministry of Labour declares that 5,081,000 people are working in the twelve counties of south-east England, whereas the number in the seven northern counties is 5,295,000.

In the rest of England and Wales there are 5,409,000 workers.

Greater London accounts for 3,766,000 of the number in the south-east.

(Continued from the previous column)
cases subsidies were granted to private industries. During the last six months of 1934 these schemes found work for an average of 35,000 men; the proportionate figure for this country would have been 250,000 a month.

All the loan has not been spent, and it has not been found necessary to include a further sum in this year's Budget because the Government has enough left to carry on its work until the middle of next year.

These public works—one can hardly call them unproductive—have given indirect employment to thousands more

than those actually employed on them. There has been a decisive improvement in the home trades and a restoration of rural purchasing power. There are today more people employed in supplying the home market than there were in 1929, and though there is still a lag in the export trade there is a general enthusiasm throughout Sweden.

The National Bank, which is under the authority of Parliament, has done its part in bringing about this happy state of affairs. It has actually, by its policy, slightly raised wholesale prices without bringing about a noticeable increase in the cost of living.

A GREAT CITIZEN

A MAN OF THE WORLD
73 YEARS YOUNG

Dr Nicholas Murray Butler and
His Service to Mankind

BEST TYPE OF AMERICAN

Congratulations to one of the great citizens of the world, from whom we have often quoted in these columns.

Dr Nicholas Murray Butler is 73 years young this month. He has been over to see us, and we are sorry he has had to go back to America, for we should have liked to have given him a magnificent birthday party to thank him for his valiant fight down the years for the things we stand for: Liberty, Progress, and the Brotherhood of Mankind.

Dr Butler believes that the citizen of the future will be both citizen of his homeland and citizen of the world.

Dr Butler has been President of Columbia University for the last 33 years, guiding its development from a modest institution of learning to the vast, powerful, and important centre of national enlightenment that it is.

The International Mind

At the same time that Dr Butler was administering this great university he was actively supporting a wide number of activities to improve the life of his own people: settlements, public health, symphony concerts, better government; he worked for them all. New York is a better place today because he has lived there.

And so is the world.

Seven years before the world war broke out Dr Butler was striving to avert it in a Conference on International Arbitration, supporting every group he found doing serious work for better international understanding. As the New York Times has said, "He is the Incarnation of the International Mind."

The Family of Nations

If a nation is to be truly civilised, he has said, it must use its prosperity to a high, international human end as a member of the family of nations. Naturally he has always been a hearty supporter of the League of Nations and its two important branches, the World Court of International Justice and the International Labour Office. The attitude of his own country toward these bodies must be a source of much grief to him.

The way to make the League strong, he thinks, is not to put arms in its hands but to bring Germany, Japan, and the United States into it.

Dr Butler has been decorated by a dozen Governments, but, much as we approve of their honouring him, we wish that, instead of decorating him, they would listen to him and do what he says—stop competing with one another for big armies and navies and turn all their resources and attention to making a good life for their people.

The Path of Peace

Here are three things we note that Dr Butler has lately said:

A world that turns from war to peace turns of necessity from brute force to good manners.

The path of peace lies away from the dark and tangled forest of militarism and national self-sufficiency; it leads out toward the bright open highlands of international understanding, international cooperation, and international accomplishment.

It is so much easier to be prosperous than to be civilised.

They are the sayings of one of the world's wisest men, one of the world's chief citizens, a prophet and a thinker whose dreams will yet come true.

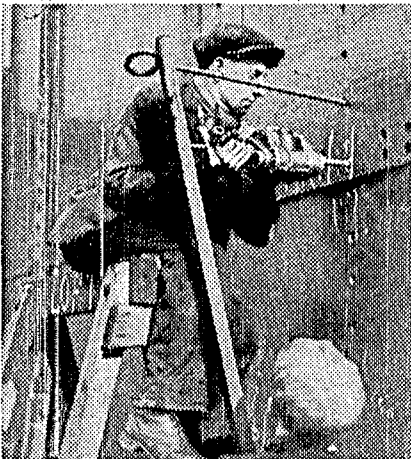
NEWS PICTURES OF THE WEEK



Service—Girls of the Woodhouse Grammar School at Sheffield practising serving. The tennis team of this school has not been beaten for 15 years.



Open Wide, Please—When the keeper wants to examine this young elephant's teeth a biscuit persuades Master Jumbo to open his mouth.



Completing the Queen Mary—Drilling rivet holes in the giant liner at Clydebank.



Learning to Walk—Adam, the baby chimpanzee which was born at the Bristol Zoo.



Shooting the Rapids—A thrilling game with a canoe on the River Isar in Germany.

BARHAM HOUSE

Bought Back and Lent
To a Good Cause

There is something rather romantic about the news that a man has bought back his old house. Now, people think, he will settle down in it.

But Mr T. R. Parkington has not done that with Barham House, the 18th-century mansion which was his once and is now his again.

With its 50 acres of land, its farm, its water for boating and swimming, and its large buildings capable of housing 250 to 300 men, he has turned it over to the Empire Officers Guild. The Guild works among unemployed officers of the war. It is little more than a year old, but has already found work for 500 men.

At Barham House men weakened by want and illness will be nursed back to strength and trained in various jobs. Light farm work will help to pay for their keep. Here hope and health will return to the men we called heroes during the Great War.

Mr Parkington has lent his house to a good cause.

FIVE ACRES AND A HOUSE

Something To Copy Elsewhere

Five acres and a house will soon belong to each of the forty unemployed miners who are being settled on a farm at Potton in Bedfordshire.

This estate of 550 acres has been given by Mr P. M. Stewart, Commissioner for the Special Areas, to the Land Settlement Association.

Six Durham miners, one of whom was employed for only seven months in the last nine years, have started work. They are repairing the farmhouse, where the pioneers will stay until the houses are built.

Soon they will be joined by 14 other miners from Durham, some from Escomb, a village where only three in the population of 300 have regular work, and later the number will be made up to forty and the men will be joined by their families, each family being given a five-acre holding.

LONDON'S CHILDREN

Astonishing Decline

The L.C.C. gives some astonishing facts about London's schoolchildren.

The number of children in the schools has rapidly fallen. It was 727,052 as recently as 1914; 585,640 in 1931; 579,330 in 1932; and 569,326 in 1933. It is estimated that the number for 1935 will be only 525,000.

The great fall has enabled the Council to "write down" classroom accommodation since 1914 by 102,315 places. On the basis of an 88 per cent attendance the total expected attendance for 1935 will be 462,000.

BRIGHTER TICKETS

The British railways are to adopt a standard colour scheme for tickets.

The scheme, which it is considered will simplify all ticket issues, will come into force when old stocks are used up.

The new colours will be, taking first class first:

Tickets available by any train: White and Green. Day, half-day, and evening excursion trains: Yellow and Buff. Workmen's tickets: Grey. Bicycles: Terra-cotta. Dogs: Red. Perambulators: Pink.

Seven thousand cut tulips make up a floral Union Jack at the Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia.

SINGING IN THE COTTON FIELDS Must It Pass Away?

Must the singing of the Negroes in the southern cotton fields of America pass with the growth of invention?

An American writer says that the melodies and hallelujahs of the cotton plantations, wafted into song by the older folk and chimed in by the little "pickaninnies," are at stake if cotton-picking becomes mechanical.

One of the latest inventions is the product of John Rust and his brother Mack Rust. They claim that their machine, during its final tests at Stoneville, Missouri, picked 8020 pounds of seed cotton in seven and a half hours, that it will cover an acre an hour, and can do the work of from fifty to a hundred Negroes working in the old way.

The machine, if as successful as is claimed, would make a sad difference in Negro employment.

THE OLD SOLDIER

A Salvation Army Veteran

Old John Roberts, who has just gone to his reward, had served the Salvation Army for sixty out of his eighty years.

He was with it before it took the name by which the whole world has come to know it, and when, in 1876, it was the Christian Mission.

Of that he was an evangelist; and a happy inspiration made him the bearer of Christ's message to the children. A little girl pleaded with him, when he lived in Northumberland, to take her to the Army meeting.

He did better. He summoned all children who would to come to a weekly meeting for them; and from these happy, cheerful evenings sprang the children's share in the Army. They are the Little Soldiers for whom he began a magazine.

Oldest servant of the Army, Colonel John Roberts kept young at heart all his life, as young as the children he gathered about him.

DORA'S FIELD OF WORDSWORTH'S DAFFODILS

Dora's Field in the Lake District, one of the loveliest and most precious beauty spots in England, has been given to the nation by Mr Gordon Wordsworth, grandson of the poet.

So much did Wordsworth love this place, which is below Rydal Mount and looks toward Windermere, that with his own hands he laid it out as a landscape garden and added to its natural beauty, presenting it to his daughter Dorothy.

Hundreds of visitors make pilgrimages to Dora's Field in spring to see the wild daffodils which grow there. They are given the same thrill as the poet when he came upon a host of golden daffodils.

Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Once, when we were spending Easter in the Lake District, some Vandals stripped one of the islets in Derwent-water of every daffodil, so that it is good to know that the Lent lilies in Dora's Field will be allowed to grow undisturbed down the centuries.

RECORD LONE FLIGHT FROM AUSTRALIA

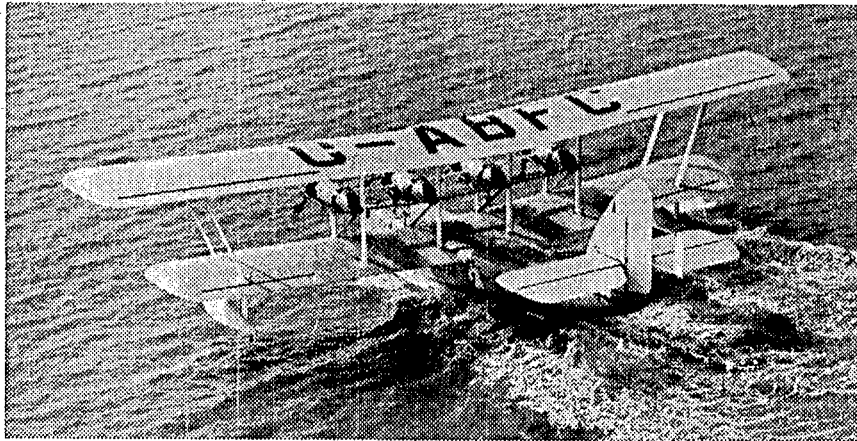
The record for a solo flight from Australia to England has been broken by a Yorkshireman, Mr H. L. Brook, who made the journey in a light plane from Darwin to Lympne in seven days nineteen hours and fifty minutes. He beat Mr Mollison's official record by 26 hours and the unofficial record of Mr J. C. Melrose by 13 hours.

The quickest flight ever made from Australia was by Messrs Cathcart Jones and Waller, who reached England six days sixteen hours and ten minutes after leaving Melbourne last October.

WONDER-RIDE ACROSS THE WORLD



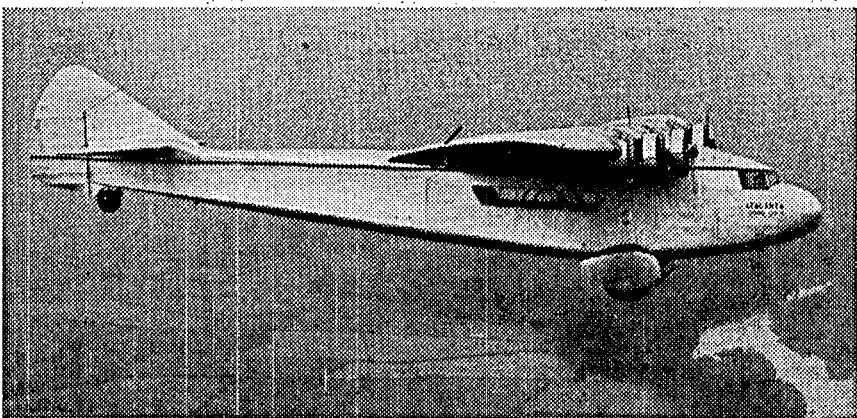
A machine of the Scylla class on the first stage of the journey between London and Paris



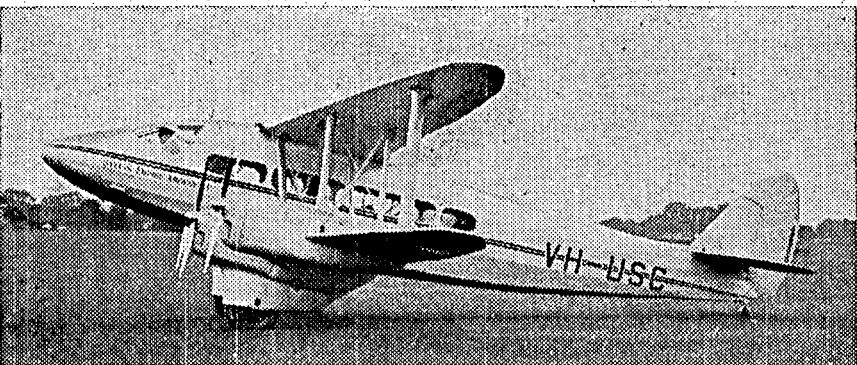
One of the Short flying-boats on the Mediterranean service between Italy and Egypt



From Alexandria to Karachi liners of the Hannibal class are used. These are similar in appearance to the Heracles type which also fly on the section between London and Paris



A monoplane of the Atalanta class on the Karachi to Singapore route



A four-engined De Havilland biplane used between Singapore and Brisbane

A new passenger air service to Australia begins this week-end, the journey taking twelve days. Passengers, who fly by day and sleep on land at night, will travel in five types of planes operated by Imperial Airways and its associated companies. See page 2 and also World Map.

SENTINELS OF OUR ROCKY SHORES

THE LIGHTSHIP AND ITS PERILS

Gallant Elevens Who Live in the Face of Danger

60 WARNINGS AT SEA

The recent failure of the relief ship Irene to reach the four lightships isolated by storms for twenty-six days thirty miles off the Wexford coast, reminds us what a debt of gratitude we owe to these sentinels stationed everywhere around our rocky shores.

The relief ship set out three times from Rosslare Harbour, and only at the third attempt did she reach the lightships Blackwater and Lucifer. The Barrels and Coninberg lightships were cut off even longer, with their crews on short rations for more than twelve days. Yet their lights were maintained, and constantly flashed out their warnings through the raging tempest.

When the Anchors Fall

Lightships are placed where their lights are of most use, and this generally means that they are in the most exposed and perilous spots. The crews are moored through the fiercest storms in their iron hulls, which tear and tug at their three-ton mushroom-shaped anchors.

Owing to the rocky nature of the seabed to which they are fixed, it sometimes happens that the anchors fail to hold, and the lightships then break loose.

The worst recorded occasion of this was in the great gale of 1849, when four of the most important lightships broke their moorings, and for several days their lights were out. In 1914 the South Goodwin lightship broke loose and was missing for three days until found off the Flemish coast; while last year the French lightships at Sandettié and Gravelines were set adrift.

A lightship's crew generally consists of eleven men, three going ashore in rotation. Under normal conditions the master spends alternate months ashore and afloat, while the men do two months at sea to one on shore. In cases of failure of relief the time afloat is considerably lengthened, and besides the shortage of provisions the men have neither mails nor papers to beguile the long hours of watching. Wireless messages are sent to them, but they cannot reply because they have no transmitters.

How the Signals Vary

When they get ashore they have a few days off; then they return to the yards, painting buoys, cleaning mooring chains, and handling stores.

The first lightship to be established around our coasts was at the Nore in 1732. Today more than sixty of them flash their warnings to passing ships.

So that mariners can recognise them at night, and check the position of their own ship, no two light vessels flash in the same way. Each has a combination of flashes and periods of darkness different from all the others. This is shown on the chart at the navigator's elbow on the bridge, so that he can recognise at a glance any light vessel in his vicinity and can alter his course to avoid danger.

THE SCHOOL KINEMA

20,000 on the Way

A new studio has been established to make kinema films for schools, and has been blessed by the Board of Education.

As many as 700 schools now have kinemas installed and soon 20,000 will have them. The Government gives aid in acquiring the projectors, which are costly. The grant is a fifth of the cost for an elementary school and half cost for a secondary school.

THE GREAT DAYS COMING FOR US ALL

Yes, what then? What of the great days coming? We were never so near them as now. The Vision Splendid looms before the troubled human race.

WE talk of the armies of heroes who gave their lives for England and the flag. There is always an army of heroes giving their lives for England. What are they doing, and what are their victories? Let us glance quickly at some of these mighty and transforming things that are surely coming if only the battle flags be furled.

There will be, we are sure, the abolition of disease. There is practically no disease in Nature; civilisation has made it, and civilisation will unmake it. Less than a century ago the cause of disease was as unknown as it was five thousand years ago; now we are conquering it by conquering the cause. Plague, which in one year sent half the people of England to their graves, has disappeared; small-pox and leprosy have followed it; diphtheria can be cured wherever it is found in time; and a guarantee against typhoid was given to every soldier in the war.

A Greater Chance of Life

We are lengthening life with every year that passes; a child born today has not only a greater chance of life, but a chance of a longer life than its father. We have added half a generation to a lifetime in the last fifty years; your chance of life is 15 years more than your father's.

Less than a century ago more people died of bad drains in this country than in any year of war in our history, and half the children born in England perished like flies on a summer's day.

In ten years of this century the deaths of babies were cut down by one-third; where three children died when my little girl was born only two died when she was at school. From tonight till this night next year about five hundred thousand people will die in these islands; but if there had been no laws of health for fifty years half a million more would die. If every inhabitant of one of our cities of five hundred thousand people had died last night, with not one man left living to dig a grave for them, that would be the sort of calamity that is saved every year in this country now, compared with sixty years ago. In sixty years the saviours of health in this country have saved as many lives as there are white people in all the British Empire beyond the seas.

Science in the New Age

And of course we are going to stop Drink; we shall stop drinking alcohol and make it drive our engines. Perhaps the greatest moral service science has rendered the world in these ten years has been to prove that the tectotallers have always been right. There is no doubt about it, and only ignorance and interest defend this social use of a poison which is as great a danger in a hundred ways as everybody knows it is behind the wheel of a motor-car.

Poverty will go. Our children will be ashamed of it. Parliament long since began to put on the Statute Book the old-fashioned gospel that the labourer is worthy of his hire. The minimum wage is coming. We are all agreed that the smallest wages must be high enough to keep human beings in comfort. The principle has passed beyond controversy, and only the details have to be arranged.

The slums are coming down. Our Government has at last been driven to stir itself by the indignation of our people, and the day is coming fast when a town will be as ashamed of its slums as of its murders. *Slums are our social murderers.*

In the new age coming science will give us power and power will give us leisure. Industrial slavery will go the way of physical slavery. In olden days it took 400,000 men to do the work one train will do. The shame is that this advance of science has been used, not to reduce the toil of the many, but to increase the wealth of a few. But the progress, which is the release of the human race from toil, as Herbert Spencer says, is coming at last. If all the power of Niagara could be harnessed it would give every human being in America a power-slave of his own. It is said that in the great days of Athens every freeman had five slaves who did his bidding, and it is reckoned that in this country now, if we take the power of coal alone, every British family has the equivalent of twenty slaves to do its bidding.

The Energy in Matter

On my desk, safe in a little brass box, is a speck of matter breaking up before my eyes, breaking up visibly on the point of a pin, giving off parts of itself day and night, day and night, day and night for year after year; power and heat and actual parts of itself this speck is giving off, and will be giving off for century after century until more than a thousand years have gone. In every atom of matter is energy like this, lost and wasted now, so that the cleverest men cannot get hold of it. But men will get hold of it.

It is the natural way of man, when he has found out such a thing as that, to find the key that unlocks the power. Already men are looking into the atom, measuring its mass, calculating its power, and counting its population of electrons; and men who have got thus far do not suddenly stop.

A race that could use these powers, to quote the words of Professor Soddy, "would have little need to earn its bread by the sweat of its brow; it could transform a desert continent, thaw the frozen Poles, and make the whole world

a smiling garden." A radiant world will radium give us when that day comes.

That civilisation is a failure which gives its benefits only to a few, and in the new age that is coming men will have leisure and know how to use it.

We, too, have our great crusades. In fifty years to come our tragic Present will have taken its place in the incredible Past, and the story of our slums will read like the story of the children in the mills; the story of the Drink Trade will read like the story of the Slave Trade; the story of the Great War will read like another Fall of Man.

The days in which we are living are dark, but when was the outlook for the moral crusader brighter than now, with the hearts of all men yearning for the better days, and the power of men growing with each rising of the Sun? The day is coming when every baby will have its chance of life, every child will have its opportunity, every mother will have her rights, every man will have the reward of his labour, every human being will have a place in a nation's life.

We are coming to the brotherhood of man, and we shall get beyond it, for we are learning more and more of the brotherhood of life. We are learning that the world is ours, but ours to use and not abuse. We are learning that the Universe is all about us, not merely outside us or beyond us, but part of us as we are part of it. All life and all things are one, part of the plan by which, ascending from chaos and darkness, the work of God's hand shall be perfected through you and me. Everything influences something, and none of us can live alone.

The Visions of Our Children

We may be disappointed that the world has not reached perfection after a hundred centuries of history and nineteen centuries of Christianity; but this world will never reach perfection, for the simple reason that perfection changes with every age that comes and every age that goes.

The vision of the fathers is the realisation of the children, but the children's visions only the children's children see. To travel hopefully, says Robert Louis Stevenson, is better than to arrive. We must travel hopefully. We must not be discouraged because Life is a

journey without an end; we must agree rather with the wise German who loved truth and said that if God were to offer him the truth in one hand and the search for truth in the other, he would take the search for truth.

The world of today is beyond all the dreams of yesterday; the world of tomorrow will be greater than we can think. Nothing seems impossible. It seems more possible to us that men should fly to the Moon than it would have seemed to Shakespeare that men should fly to France. Long before the war two men were discussing the fear of it. "The Germans will come when they fly," said one. Well, the Germans have been, and they did fly.

Great Events in the Making

Be sure that great events are always in the making; never a day but some seed is sown that will bear unexpected fruit. This seed of great events, how wonderful it is! The old monk Mendel growing peas in a monastery garden: who could have seen that he was forging a weapon to drive back insanity and build up a stronger race? A young doctor in India examining guats until he fell asleep—what daring prophet could have seen the Panama Canal in that? An old man bending for hours over a flower on his Kent hilltop: who that saw him could have dreamed of the glorious conception of the Universe that Darwin was building up for the benefit of mankind? The great Frenchman Louis Pasteur poring over his tubes and his microscope—who knew that the beginning of the end of disease was there?

We know the means; we do not see the end; but we have learned that in the history of knowledge mountains come from molehills. We can no more see the end of a discovery than the first man who made fire could see the end of it. It is said that wireless telegraphy can be traced to a mathematical calculation by Lord Kelvin in 1853, and that one of the world's great industries can be traced to an idea in an article printed in 1865. A century ago there was a pin's head of aluminium in the world, and scientists talked of it as a curiosity for a generation.

Some Use For Everything New

What is the use of it? somebody asked Michael Faraday. Madam, said Faraday, what is the use of a new-born child? Be sure there is some use for everything new; and there were never so many new things as now, when chemists are making every day substances that have never been in the world before. If the rubber plantation falls short, the chemist will make rubber; if sugar fails the chemist makes it out of coal and calls it saccharin, though the poet (nearer to the truth) calls it the honey of prehistoric bees. The chemist can take a rose, break up its scent into all its parts, reproduce each separate scent by chemistry, and put them together in a packet for you to buy at a shop, the sweetness of roses made for a penny!

There is no limit to the promise of the future. We do not produce Shakespeares and Miltons, but we do produce Pasteurs and Listers, Wilbur Wrights and Marconis; and there have been among us in our time men whose names will endure when some of the stars we see have ceased to shine.

concluded next week

NEW ROBINSON CRUSOES

EVERY day in every way the world grows smaller and smaller.

American Airways have been for two years planning an air service to span a third of its circumference in three days. When all the stopping-places have been equipped the planes will fly in six hops from California to China.

The aerodromes will be on five islands: Hawaii; Midway Island, 1380 miles farther west; Wake Island, 1242 miles on; Guam, another 1450 miles; and Manila, a jump of about the same distance. Then comes a flight of 700 miles to connect with the air lines in China.

A new life will spring up on Midway Island and Wake Island, for nobody has lived on them for 300 years. The steamship North Haven has sailed from San Francisco with a construction crew of 45 technical engineers and 74 men to distribute 6000 tons of materials on the selected bases. It carries, besides fuel and machinery, supplies and

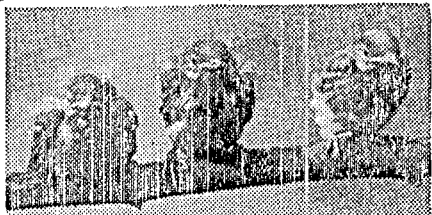
provisions for establishing what will be in effect new colonies.

It may be a long time, however, before the route will be ready for regular mail and passenger services. For the time being experimental flights will be made between California and the first stop at Honolulu with picked crews manning the giant Sikorsky plane specially designed for long distance work with fuel tanks giving it a range of 3000 miles.

At the moment it seems a more practicable scheme than that mentioned in the C.N. some weeks ago of establishing artificial floating islands at selected points on the ocean as intermediate stations for air services.

None will deny romance to a century which can populate forgotten and almost desert islands with a new race of mechanically minded men who will be Robinson Crusoes looking every day, not for footprints on the sand, but for the daily coming and going of aeroplanes.

NATURAL EVENTS OF NEXT WEEK



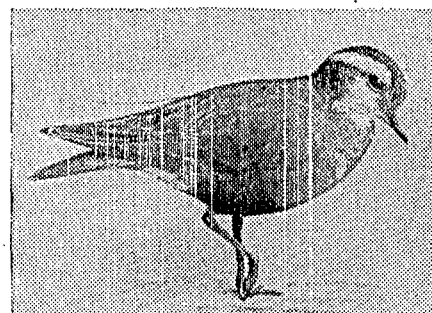
The pied wagtail usually brings up two families a year; the first of these is now being hatched



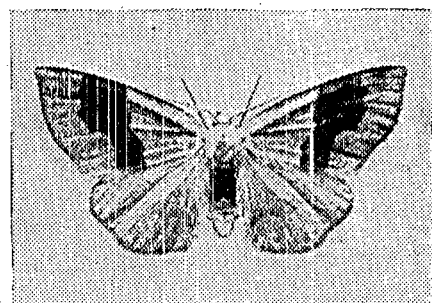
In some rookeries the young birds have already appeared



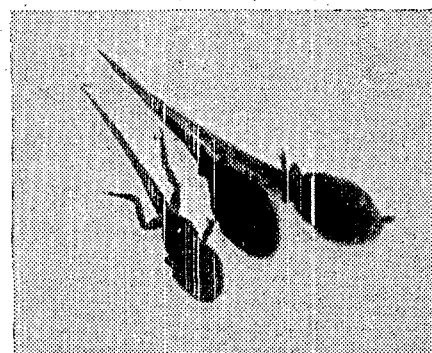
The wild tulip, as well as cultivated varieties, comes into blossom this month



The dotterel arrives in this country about this time on its way to the North. A few nest in the Lake District and in the Highlands



The barred umber moth is sometimes seen on the wing as early as April



Tadpoles of the toad are now getting their legs. At this stage they are slightly smaller and blacker than frog tadpoles

THE TELEPHONE DIAL

Post Office Gift To Shortsighted Folk

Someone at the Post Office has both sympathy and imagination. Realising how difficult it must be for anyone with weak sight to work the automatic dial, he has invented a device to overcome that difficulty.

This device is a ring which is half an inch wide and has printed on it the letters and numerals three times the normal size. The ring can be fitted over the ordinary dial of the hand microphone type of instrument.

No additional charge is made to any subscriber suffering from defective sight; but many others, whose telephones stand in badly-lighted places, will be glad to buy this ingenious fitting at a cost of five shillings.

MORE STARLINGS

One Roost 180 Years Old

The Board of Agriculture declares that starlings have increased so much that they have been forced to add cereals and fruit to their original diet of worms.

The starlings winter roosts are of great interest. The birds may be seen in large numbers on St Paul's Cathedral, the National Gallery, and other unexpected places in London, and in

England's Sunny South

HAVE you filled in the 40 places on the outline map of Southern England which appeared in your copy of The Book of the Southern Railway?

Do not forget that prizes which total 100,000 Miles of Free Rail Travel are offered for the best attempts sent by girls and boys not over 15, and the system of judging allows equal chances for all ages. Numerous boys and girls have already sent their attempts; others are waiting until their albums are filled with Poster Stamps.

Four more Poster Stamps will appear with next week's C.N. and four more the week after, when the collection will be complete.

You cannot send in your entry for the Mapping Test too early; be careful that you are not too late.

Trafalgar Square their evensong is heard loudly above the roar of traffic.

In the country there are hundreds of places where they gather in great density. St Paul's Cathedral is said to harbour 7000. Many roosts have been occupied for long periods; one for 180 years. Mr B. J. Marple, an expert, says that several hundred thousand starlings may roost in a small wood every night for five or six months, sometimes doing great damage.

BEER v MILK

The Farmer and His Friends

The wide advertising of beer has greatly increased sales at the expense of other trades.

Last year as much as £229,000,000 was spent in this country on alcohol, an increase of £4,200,000. Actually 1,429,000 more barrels of beer were drunk in 1934 than in 1933, while the sale of spirits fell.

In 1934 the British people drank 779 million gallons of beer against 705 million gallons of milk, but the British farmer drew only £6,000,000 from the brewers for the barley and hops to make beer, while the milk buyers in effect spent no less than £35,000,000 with the farming industry.

FINNISH CENTENARY STORY OF THE KALEVALA

The Wonderful Work of a Great Swedish Scholar and Poet LAYS OF A HEROIC PAST

The people of Finland have been celebrating with much pomp and circumstance a centenary of more than usual significance, commemorating the birth of a masterpiece which exercised an incalculable influence on their development.

The Kalevala, like the Edda, the Iliad, and the Lay of the Nibelungs, is a national epic of great beauty, which lived in lovely fragments in the heart of the people for many centuries before it was collected and welded into one magnificent whole by a late descendant of the ancient scalds, Elias Lönnrot.

Elias Lönnrot

Banded about between Sweden and Russia, the Finns as a people had had neither political nor cultural ambitions before the middle of the nineteenth century. What intellectual life there was was to be found among the Swedish minority which formed the upper class, as did in Ireland the English of the Pale.

It was the Swedes, not the Finns, who first tried to awaken the slumbering Finnish soul to a consciousness of itself; and first and foremost among them was Elias Lönnrot.

Pioneer, scholar, and poet in one, he spent half a lifetime scouring the countryside for the rhymed lays which perpetuated the deeds and incidents of a heroic past and in fitting them together with a consummate and loving art. The result was given to the world in 1835 under the title of Kalevala; and it suggested to Longfellow the form of his Hiawatha.

Little did Elias Lönnrot dream of the far-reaching consequences his work would produce. Even the immediate effect was electrical. A people which until then had been vegetating in prosaic and drab everydayness, without faith in itself or hope for the future, suddenly awoke to a realisation of the possibilities which lay in its language and genius, and in that realisation applied itself with vigour to work out its own salvation.

A European Tribute

Finnish poets and sculptors, painters, and musicians went to the Kalevala for inspiration, and the works of art they produced so strengthened their people's self-respect that at the end of the 19th century the little country found the courage to take up the struggle against Russian tyranny.

No wonder that Helsingfors was gay with flags and scintillating with lights on the hundredth birthday of the Kalevala, and that delegates from all the great countries of Europe, including England, went there to do honour to Finland for its precious contribution to world literature.

FRIENDS IN NEED AND FRIENDS IN DEED

A pleasure cruise had a sorrowful ending when a ship's baker died on board the Canadian Pacific liner Duchess of Richmond.

Soon the news got round that he had left five little children. One of the passengers said that he would clothe them. Two women passengers offered to educate them.

From others on board £210 was collected before the liner arrived at Southampton, bringing the saddest news a wife could hear, but bringing no anxiety for her children's needs. Nobody can ever replace a father; but these kind hearts have replaced a breadwinner.



Ovaltine puts roses in my cheeks

THE sparkling eyes and rosy cheeks of happy, healthy childhood are what every mother delights to see. And she can ensure this robust health for her children by making delicious 'Ovaltine' their daily beverage.

Scientifically prepared from malt, milk and eggs, 'Ovaltine' contains all the nutritive properties required to build up body, brain and nerves, and to create abundant energy.

But, it must be 'Ovaltine,' and not an imitation made to look the same. There are very important differences. 'Ovaltine' gives **more** health-giving nourishment—**more** in quality, and **more** in quantity. It is therefore most economical in use. Reject substitutes.

P.120a.

To ALL BOYS & GIRLS



Join the League of Ovaltineys

Great fun and amusement await every boy and girl who joins the League of Ovaltineys. Thousands of children have joined and are having jolly times with the secret signs, signals, and code. To become a member, all you have to do is to fill in and send the form below.

(Open envelope—1d. stamp)

To the **CHIEF OVALTINEY**
The 'Ovaltine' Factory,
King's Langley, Herts.

I wish to become a member of the League of Ovaltineys. Please send me, free, the official Handbook of the League.

Name.....

Age.....

Address.....

.....

.....

(Write in **BLOCK LETTERS**)

Children's Newspaper, April 13

WHEN ALL THE WORLD GOES FLYING

A STEP NEARER

Wonderful Machine Which Will Go Straight Up and Down THE HOVERING HELICOPTER

The helicopter, the aeroplane which can lift itself straight up from the ground, remain almost stationary in the air, and descend as it came up, seems almost to be in sight.

It has been a long time coming into the field of vision; it may be a long time still before it will be hovering securely in the air; but a step forward has been taken with a machine invented by an Austrian, completed by an English designer, and built by a Yorkshire firm.

A Prize of £50,000

It is not expected to fulfil the severe conditions for such a hovering machine laid down by the British Government 17 years ago when, moved by the desperate necessities of the war, they offered a prize of £50,000 for the first machine which could ascend vertically to a height of 2000 feet, remain stationary there for half an hour, and then fly for 20 miles as an ordinary aeroplane would fly.

At present the machine that could do that would be even rarer than a British Government prepared to offer £50,000 for an idea. The offer remained open for eight years without eliciting the necessary response and is now presumably closed. But an inventor who succeeded would realise much more than this handsome sum from his design, because it would not merely revolutionise civil flying but would alter all the tactics of combined air and sea warfare.

At present a Grand Fleet has to encumber itself with a huge aircraft carrier, like the Eagle or Furious, with a flat top deck almost as big as a London square garden for planes to land on.

The Autogiro

But the helicopter of the future would be able to land on the platform of any battleship or cruiser even when the vessel was moving at ordinary speeds.

What it should do with ease has already been accomplished in Italian waters by a flying-machine of a more familiar kind, the autogiro. An autogiro, or windmill machine, such as has been lately seen cruising over London under the direction of the Metropolitan Police, was steered by a British pilot, Mr R. A. Brie, so as to land on the 33-foot temporary platform of the Italian cruiser Fiume, steaming up to 20 knots off the Italian coast. The pilot took off from the platform and landed on it several times when the ship was either stationary or moving.

A model of the autogiro is hung at the Science Museum at South Kensington, and such machines have been the subject of experiment for some time. If such feats as are recorded from Italy can be accomplished with it what may we not expect of the efficient helicopter?

Successful Trial Flights

The principles of the two machines are distinct. The ordinary plane with fixed wings requires a long run before it can rise, impelled by the pressure of the air against its planes, but the autogiro does not depend for this lift on the rush of air against a fixed surface, but on the support of the revolving rotors placed something like the sails of a windmill laid flat above it. Normally these rotors are not driven by the plane's engine but freely rotate in the air much as a child's toy windmill rotates. Now, however, Senor de la Cierva has produced an autogiro with rotors driven by the engine for the take-off. This enables the machine to rise vertically for a few feet, when the power from the engine is transferred to the propeller, the pitch of the rotor blades is altered, and

YOUNGEST CHILD OF KINGSLEY FAIRBRIDGE

Children's Colony in British Columbia

Kingsley Fairbridge, who founded the children's Farm School in Western Australia, left more than a farm and a name behind.

He left an example. So successful has been the Farm School he established 20 years ago that, though new ideas spread slowly, the colony of British Columbia is to have a Farm School on the same lines, as mentioned on the C.N. Map recently.

The Child Emigration Society has acquired 1000 acres of land on Vancouver Island, and here, with the consent of the Governments of British Columbia and Canada, the children's colony will start with a State school. As in Western Australia these young emigrants from England will attend this school from their arrival at the age of between 10 and 11 till they are 14.

Altogether they will attend this school and the associated one which teaches them farming for about five years. Then when, like young plants, they have become indigenous to the soil, they will go out into the world of their new country to find employment.

Welcome Everywhere

We may speak of finding employment instead of seeking it, because the experience of Western Australia has shown that the Fairbridge young people are welcome wherever they go. Till they are 21 their school will keep an eye on them.

The British Columbia farm colony is the outcome of the appeal launched by the Prince of Wales last June for £100,000 for establishing three new Fairbridge Schools on the model of the first. The fund has reached £60,000 and here is the promise of value for money.

Thus, in opposite corners of the world, with other corners to come, are planted the seeds of the Anglo-Saxon race. Canadians, Australians, South Africans, they may grow up to call themselves, yet these corners where first they thrive will remain for ever England.

Continued from the previous column

the vertical ascent gives way to a steep climb, the free-revolving rotors supporting the machine and the engine-driven propeller giving it forward movement. Thus the new autogiro can rise from a restricted space or from a field with a bad surface which an ordinary aeroplane could not use. This new development is a big step forward and makes the autogiro more like a helicopter.

But the helicopter is lifted by two engine-driven air screws mounted close to one another on a pair of vertical shafts rotating in opposite directions. The body of the machine is therefore suspended below these air screws, and there is an additional air screw for forward flight.

A helicopter of this type, having a 300 horse-power engine and capable of carrying pilot and passenger and a hundred pounds of luggage, is being built at Brough in Yorkshire, and it may be ready for flight this year.

An earlier machine, inspected and tried by Captain R. N. Liptrot for the Government, has made a number of successful experimental flights without mishap. In its earlier design it suffered the disability that if the engine failed the machine would crash. Attempts have been made to remedy this defect by so arranging the screws that even if the engine failed they would continue to rotate so as to allow a safe descent.

This description, both of what the machine can do and where it might fail, shows that there is still much work to be done. But if a helicopter can be built so as to be accident proof then all the world will take to a mode of travel at least as safe as motoring.

DEFYING THE LIGHTNING

Kills Fewer in a Year Than Cars in a Day

SAFETY FIRST IN A STORM

Fewer deaths take place in a year from lightning than from cars in a day.

Mr Sidney T. E. Dark, of the South London Botanical Institute, who has produced these astonishing figures, adds to them some valuable information on the best way to dodge the lightning.

Lightning is swifter than the most recklessly driven car and affords less time for getting out of the way; but its presence is nearly always signified before it strikes.

Mr Dark offers a few hints on Safety First in storms. The first of them is that it is good to stand in the open, away from trees or tall objects. Mr. Dark says that in the open the warm air rising from the body forms an easy path for the electric discharge.

At the same time it is unwise to stand close by the trunk of a tree, and danger

The Lout



The C.P.R.E. (the Committee for the Preservation of Rural England) is offering a prize for a poster against litter, and we present it with a picture of the Litter Lout by the creator of Peter Puck, Mr J. H. Dowd.

ous to select a position near railings or wire fences or other conductors of electricity. But as long as we stand well away from a tree it may afford us both shelter and protection.

He advises anyone caught in a thunderstorm to drop the umbrella under one tree and seek shelter under a short beech, a sycamore, or any smooth-barked tree not standing by itself. The best shelter is a holly bush, and probably the worst is an oak.

Of every 100 trees struck in any year 10 at least are oaks. Of 70 struck during the last two years 24 were oaks, 14 elms, 10 pines or firs. No beech, birch, holly, or horse chestnut has come into the lightning returns for the last three years.

BRIDE AND GROOM

Something New on the Railway

Many people in America have been puzzled by the name of the new short trains consisting of one motor-coach coupled to a trailer coach; they have been called bride and groom cars, but are not for honeymoon couples!

When traffic is very light they can be run as they are, and when traffic increases two or more bride and groom cars can be connected together, making a longer train. The engine, which is presumably in the groom car, has only sufficient power to draw one bride.

THE CALCULATING CORRIDOR

Machines That Do Our Sums For Us

AN HOUR IN THE SCIENCE MUSEUM

It is impossible to exaggerate the interest of our London museums, the best free entertainments anywhere. Most of them beat the films.

We note a letter from Mrs Hussey of Scotney Castle in Kent urging that children should be told more of our museum treasures, and one of our writers has been looking at what he calls the Calculating Corridor in the Science Museum and sends us these notes on it.

Close to the chronometers which tell the time without asking is the corridor of calculating machines where we may go to school again, for here are devices to do every sum of addition and subtraction that mathematics can present.

At the farther end of the corridor we are drawn to a glass case in which is a woodcut portrait of a stern-faced man, John Napier of Merchiston, who in 1614 invented logarithms, thus placing in the hands of science a weapon of new and incomparable magnitude, and at the same time laying on the schoolboys of the future a burden for which many of them are not sufficiently grateful.

First of a Great Dynasty

In the case with the portrait is a small flat wooden box, hardly bigger than a postcard, containing a number of small wooden cylinders like pencils. On each of these ten rods are numbers in order from 0 to 9, and these are the identical rods and figures with which Napier calculated his first logarithms, as he explained in the little book in his own handwriting which he prepared for his friends. To a mathematician this is one of the most stirring things the museum has to show.

That little case was the first of the great dynasty of calculating machines which inventors have never ceased to design in the three centuries following, and which are employed and invented still, in numberless branches of activity, from the calculation of the tides to the adding-up of tradesmen's accounts.

Logarithms are in a class by themselves; calculating machines are their material and mechanical expression. There are many here; some, like those of Pascal, which are reconstructions; and some, like those of the incomparable Babbage or the less well-known Schetz, which are the original machines. Babbage had the idea of constructing a calculating machine that would print mathematical tables as well as compute them. Schetz's machine was also a printer.

Historic Landmarks

These are the historic landmarks among the calculating machines, of which there are examples of every type, old and new, including slide rules and instruments for solving equations.

The student is grateful for these; the ordinary visitor may look on them and accord to them the same distant admiration that he will have for the models of mathematically curved surfaces and conic sections.

These are the last word in that process of education which begins with the Chinese abacus, or with the curious little collection of exchequer tallies by which on slips of wood the Exchequer used to keep its accounts.

THE LOVELY BEECH AT SWINDON

A travelling correspondent who has just been passing through Swindon, calling at the excellent museum there, writes that the museum notice board is still spoiling the fine beech at the gate.

It seems a great pity that a museum of all places, existing to preserve what is fine and beautiful, should invite us in by spoiling beauty at the gate.

FAMOUS DOUBLE SUNS OF VIRGO

SPICA AND GAMMA

Travelling 250 Times Faster
Than a Bullet

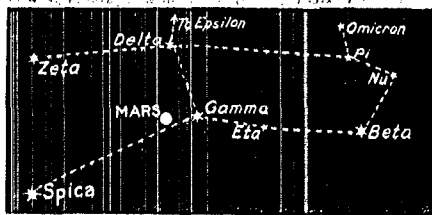
20,000 DEGREES CENTIGRADE

By the G.N. Astronomer

The constellation of Virgo (the Virgin) now occupies a wide area of the south-east sky of an evening, and on a dark night when the Moon is absent its chief stars may be easily noted with the aid of the accompanying star-map.

The presence of the reddish Mars within the constellation will greatly help identification. This planet appears much brighter than any of the stars of Virgo, though it is immeasurably smaller.

The brightest star of Virgo is Spica, which is of first magnitude; it will be readily recognised below Mars and now



The chief stars of Virgo

appears rather more than twenty times the Moon's apparent width away. But how different is Spica from Mars! It is composed of two suns, which together radiate about 1500 times more light than our Sun. The larger sun, which is nearly twice as massive as the smaller, has been estimated to have a diameter approaching six million miles, or nearly seven times greater than our Sun and $9\frac{1}{2}$ times as massive.

The average distance between the centres of these great suns has been calculated to be about 7,500,000 miles, from which we see how close their surfaces must be, less than their own diameter apart. In consequence the speed at which they revolve round their common centre of gravity, which lies somewhere between them, is enormous; the smaller sun travelling at an average rate of 130 miles a second, or some 250 times faster than a shot leaves a gun. The result is that this sun takes only just over four days to complete a revolution round the other sun.

The Great Suns of Spica

It is fortunate that these great suns of Spica are not as near as our own Sun, for their effect would be devastating to our little world. Apart from their surfaces being so much more extensive, they average about 20,000 degrees Centigrade as compared with our Sun's average of 6000 degrees. They are, however, about 14,795,000 times farther away, or some 20 million times farther than Mars, and so they appear as only a star, whose light takes 233 years to reach us.

Another famous star composed of two suns is Gamma, which now appears close to Mars and only about three times the Moon's width above or to the west of him. Gamma is of a different type from Spica, for its suns are very far apart and may be seen individually in a small telescope; but the orbits are of such great eccentricity that as seen from the Earth the stars appear periodically to close up, the last occasion being in 1836. As they take about 180 years to revolve they now appear almost at their farthest apart.

They are suns similar to our own in size though each radiates about eight times more light and heat, as they are of a somewhat younger and hotter type. They are much nearer than Spica, their light taking about 45 years to reach us; that from Mars, by the way, takes barely six seconds just now. It will be interesting to note the approach of Mars to Gamma during the next few days. G. F. M.

SPRING AT THE ZOO

BRILLIANT DISPLAYS OF
FINE FEATHERS

Daisy's Return From Her
Winter Holiday at Whipsnade

THE EMU AND THE EGGS

By Our Zoo Correspondent

At last spring is in possession at the Zoo. In every aviary there is an air of excitement and activity; voices are raised high and the birds are either showing off their plumage or beginning to carry building materials to the sites chosen for their nests.

Such birds as Asiatic pheasants, peacocks, and water-fowl are giving brilliant displays of fine feathers, while the cranes are forgetting to be dignified and are welcoming spring by dancing about in a grotesque fashion and throwing scraps of paper into the air.

Daisy at Work Again

The elephants and llamas are again pacing up and down, carrying visitors, for although their season for hard work has not yet begun they are preparing for this strenuous time.

Daisy, the Bactrian camel, has returned from her winter holiday at Whipsnade, and as she, too, has now to work again after months of idleness she has brought a companion with her to ease her task. Last summer she was the only working camel in the Gardens, and it was feared that the demands for camel rides might be too much for her this year if she again had to work alone.

The reptiles are growing lively, and fights are becoming common in the ponds occupied by crocodiles and alligators. The large pythons, who began to fast late in the autumn, are now ready to take two and three chickens on feeding days, and all the reptiles are now offered a meal once a week.

Two New Babies

As yet the mammals are not looking their best. A few, such as bison and deer, are so bedraggled and shabby during the process of changing their coats that a notice has had to be put up informing visitors that the state of the fur of these animals is quite natural. But all of them have an air of contentment.

Except for a baby wallaroo, born on the official first day of spring, and a dingo, or Australian wild dog, spring babies have not made their appearance in the Gardens. But there are hopes of a large batch of chicks of various kinds being hatched, and even the cock emu has decided to try to provide the Zoo with emu chicks after all.

When the emu's nesting-season arrived it seemed probable that the cock emu, whose duty it is to incubate all eggs laid by his mate, would refuse to take over his responsibilities because he had a grievance. Late last autumn he unexpectedly turned broody and, as already noted, so infuriated his wife by scratching holes in the ground in front of her to persuade her to lay that the birds had to be separated.

All's Well That Ends Well

When, however, the nesting-season arrived, although the hen dutifully began to lay, the male bird ignored the eggs completely.

The keeper then took possession of them and stored them in a cupboard until they numbered four; and then, as the male seemed disposed to do the right thing, they were returned to him. He at once scratched a hole in the ground, rolled them carefully into this hole, and covered them with straw. After that he turned the eggs each day until suddenly he decided that it was time he began to sit on them. Now he is sitting patiently.

He's eaten every one!

Now that is too bad. There's not one left. Not even a strawberry—and you are so fond of strawberries. Not even a blackcurrant—and they are so soothing to your throat. Well, there's nothing for it. You've got to buy some more for yourself, now. You always have to—the moment the thought of those fruit flavours comes into your mind.



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HIGH TIDE

A Cave Mystery

CHAPTER 15

Dick Tells His Story

CLIMBING low stone walls and jumping ditches the old shipwright stumped across the plain, while the white Lola flitted along at his side. They entered the grove and worked their way up through the undergrowth toward the shirt.

Two great boulders, carpeted with moss and dead leaves, stuck up a few feet from the ground like the lips of an open mouth. They peered between them. For a moment they could see nothing, since their eyes were accustomed to the brilliant sunshine outside. Echegaray's sight was the first to adjust itself. He saw a huge, irregular rock rising from the depths of the cavern nearly to the mouth, and on the top of it a small figure sitting dejectedly with its head on its knees.

"Good-morning, Don Ricardo," said Echegaray, in a very gentle voice so as not to startle him.

As it was, Dick jumped so nervously that he found himself on his feet without knowing how he got there. Then he pulled himself together.

"Good-morning, *caballero*," he answered coolly. "Say, can you get me out of here?"

"Ricardito!" cried Lola.

She dropped down on the dead leaves and burst into tears of relief.

"Hola, Lolita!" shouted Dick. "I'm feeling fine! Don't cry!"

"Well, I'll say you're a cool hand, young man!" exclaimed Echegaray. "Just a minute, and I'll be with you!"

He stroked Lola's shoulders. "I've got a job for you, brave girl. Go to Villadonga and tell Hal to bring out some blankets and a long plank at once. I'm going down to warm the boy up a bit. He must be frozen."

Lola nodded, and, crying goodbye to Dick, ran with her long, light stride in the direction of Villadonga.

Echegaray ducked between the boulders, and launched himself with a powerful standing jump on to the rock. The top of the rock was below the mouth of the cavern, so that it was much easier to get in than to get out.

"Knees good," said Echegaray, "but wind rotten! And now, young man, off with those damp clothes!"

Dick grinned and obeyed. Echegaray wrapped him in his own ample coat and massaged him till his skin tingled. It was half luxury and half agony; Echegaray seemed to know every muscle that hurt him.

"Now!" said the Basque. "You're a bit old to sit on knees, but the closer you are the warmer you'll be!"

He took Dick on his lap, lifted up the bottom of his voluminous blue jersey, and tucked Dick under it. Dick poked his head out of the V of the jersey on Echegaray's chest, and stayed there, looking like a baby on its mother's bosom.

"If you're not too tired," invited Echegaray, "you could tell me your story while we're waiting. I'm Ramon Echegaray of Bilbao."

"The Echegaray? The one who is a wizard?" asked Dick, remembering some of Pablo's stories.

"Man!" exclaimed Don Ramon. "Just plain Echegaray—and at your service."

Dick told him his story while Echegaray listened, fascinated.

"What do you think it was that you saw from the Cave of the Angels?" he asked when Dick had finished.

"I think it was a submarine," said Dick. He would have hesitated to say that to anyone else for fear of being laughed at, but Echegaray was different.

"It might be," agreed the old shipbuilder. "Whatever it was, it sunk the San José."

"What was the San José?" asked Dick. So Echegaray told him how the fishing launch had gone down inexplicably in a dead calm.

"Could it have been a whirlpool that you saw?" suggested Don Ramon.

"No," replied Dick definitely. "It was something which cut through the water. Lola felt the wash of it, and thought a steamer had passed."

"What about an eruption of volcanic mud under water? That might happen at the time of an exceptionally high tide."

"Perhaps," answered Dick doubtfully. "It let out a whoosh like all the steam in Spain blowing off."

"Well," said Echegaray, "now that we know where it comes from we can find out what it is."

He borrowed Dick's flashlight, and let the beam rove round the walls of the cave.

"This rock makes our search a bit easier," he said. "The sea has never gone over the

Serial Story by Geoffrey Household

top of it, and nothing of any size or force could get around it. So the source of the trouble must lie between here and the sea."

"Dick!" yelled Hal from outside.

Dick wriggled frantically within the jersey, and Echegaray let him out.

"Hal! Hal! It's good to see you again!" he cried, prancing up and down on the rock with excitement.

"One! Two! Three!" chanted hearty voices outside.

At "three" a heavy plank shot through the mouth of the cave, and fell with one end on the rock. Dick and Echegaray marched over the bridge to freedom.

Father Juan, Pablo, Paca, and Lola were there to greet them, and half the village besides. Hal and Dick grinned at one another sheepishly, each knowing what the other was thinking and both determined not to make a scene in public.

Paca caught Dick in her arms and wept over him, much to Dick's embarrassment. Pablo slapped him on the back much harder than he meant to; and Father Juan put his arm around him and blessed him in grave and gentle Latin which Dick did not understand.

Lola, gazing at Dick with wide eyes, put out her hand and just touched him with her finger-tips as if to make sure that he was really there.

"I can never thank you enough, Don Ramon," said Hal, shaking his hand.

"Nothing to thank me for, *amigo*!" answered Echegaray. "I might have looked for your Ricardito all my life and not found him. I expect the sea to be where it ought to be—off the coast. But she whose ancestors owned this land, she understands it. Lola told me where to look. Lola found Dick. Three cheers for Dolores Pelayo."

CHAPTER 16
The Search Begins

HAL wrapped Dick in blankets and carried him down the slope to the ox-cart that was waiting.

The two white oxen laid their great foreheads to the yoke and ambled home with a

rolling walk, neither quickening it at Pablo's hoots of encouragement nor slowing it when the cart, creaking and swaying, jammed in a rut or mounted a rock with two of its wheels. They are independent beasts, oxen.

Hal and Echegaray put Dick to bed, while Paca went to the kitchen to concoct some horrible drink of herbs which was an age-old secret in her family. She brought it in, a tepid, brownish-green liquid, and set it on a table at Dick's bedside while she gathered up the blankets from the floor.

"Must I drink it?" asked Dick.

Echegaray smelled it like an expert, and held it to the light.

"Yes," he whispered in answer. "The old witch knows her business."

Dick drank it and choked, but kept it down. Then Hal sat with him till he slept.

Don Ramon raided the larder, for he was very hungry. When Paca returned to her kitchen after busying herself about the house she found him sitting on the table consuming a pair of cold pigeons.

"May it profit you!" said she—the invariable polite exclamation of Spaniards on seeing somebody else eating.

"Have some!" Echegaray said, offering her the other pigeon.

"Have the goodness to tell me what you are doing in my kitchen!"

"Why, woman!" protested Echegaray in surprise. "I'm only eating."

"Aye—eating the pigeons that I had prepared for the master's lunch, and he starving and wondering whether the boy will live."

"He will," said Don Ramon calmly.

"Who told you so? He will, says he! Of course he will—but what business is it of yours, foreigner?"

"Woman—!" began Echegaray with his mouth full of pigeon.

"Woman, indeed! I am Dona Paca—at your service—and when you want anything of Dona Paca, go into the living-room and ring the bell like a Christian, instead of tearing the food from the fire!"

"It wasn't on the fire," said Don Ramon weakly.

"Of course it wasn't. Do you think I would roast my pigeons twice? These Basques! What men for arguments! Now he would teach me how to cook!"

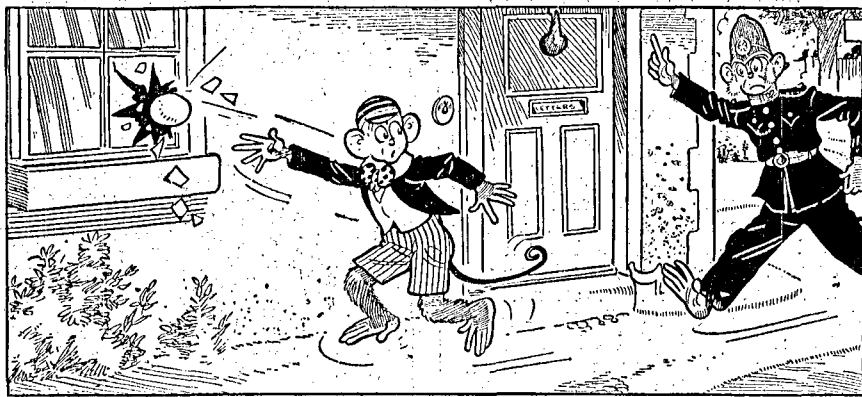
Echegaray stood up and prepared to assert himself.

JACKO IN A FIX

BIG Sister Belinda was going to move into a new house.

She was looking over it one day with Jacko and Baby when she thought of something she had forgotten and went off for it, leaving the two alone.

"Come on," cried Baby; "let's play hide-and-seek," and away he ran.



"Hi!" shouted a voice, and up came a policeman

Jacko counted twenty and then went to look for him.

He found the young rascal in the coal cellar, getting blacker every minute.

Then it was Jacko's turn to hide, and as this was not so easy in an empty house he scrambled up into the loft and shut the trap-door behind him.

Of course Baby couldn't get up there, and at last Jacko had to come down.

"Now it's my turn," said Baby. "This time you won't find me!"

Jacko grinned.

"Wonder what the little beggar's thought of now?" he said to himself.

He hunted all over the house till he came to the parlour. When he tried to open the door he found it was locked.

"That won't do," laughed Jacko. "That's not playing the game."

"It's as good as your old attic," said Baby, pulling at the lock.

"Unlock the door," called Jacko.

"I can't," said Baby. "It's so stiff."

"Try harder," urged Jacko.

"I am," said Baby, beginning to cry.

"All right," Jacko called out. "Don't worry. Open the window; I'll go into

the garden and get you out that way."

But the latch was too high for Baby to reach.

"Coo!" muttered Jacko. "Now what's to be done?" He thought a minute.

"Stand back, Baby!" he shouted. "Stand right back! I shall have to smash the window."

He picked up a big stone and flung it.

Crash!

"Hi!" shouted a voice, and up came a policeman. "Can't you see an empty house without wanting to break all the windows? You come along with me." And he wouldn't listen to a word Jacko said.

Jacko kicked and Baby screamed: there was a fine to-do; and if Belinda hadn't come back just then nobody knows what might have happened.

"Very respectable senora—" he began.

"That, yes!" snapped Paca. "Thanks be to the saints! I may be an old witch—but respectable, yes!"

"Dona Paca," apologised Echegaray, seeing what was the cause of the trouble, "I beg you to forgive me. It was a manner of speaking—"

"A pretty manner!" exclaimed Paca with bristling eyebrows.

"—a manner of speaking," continued Don Ramon. "When one says 'witch,' one naturally says 'old witch.' The two words are married to each other. My aunt, Dona Paca, was the most dashing woman in all Biscay, and yet they called her an old witch!"

"But she *was* a witch," answered Paca, somewhat softened, "and I'm not."

"You surely are, Dona Paca, for you have bewitched me. And were I twenty years younger I would convince you of it!"

"What creatures men are!" exclaimed Paca, giggling. "Glad I am that you're not twenty years younger, Don Ramon, for I don't know how I should resist you."

She turned away to hide her pleasure among the pots and pans, and Echegaray, who believed in keeping on good terms with the cook of any house where he happened to be staying, slipped out of the kitchen.

For the next fortnight Echegaray and Pablo were underground from sunrise to sunset. They rigged a derrick on the rock in the cavern, raised Pablo's boat, patched it, and used it for the exploration of the dark and smelly channel. The entrance to the cave resembled a mineshaft. Beneath the oaks lay baulks of timber, torches, lines and leads, picks, and coils of rope. Villadonga quayside had no loungers on it in the late afternoons, for such was their curiosity that they all strolled out to "the works," as they called it, and lounged there.

"They're no longer afraid of the Cave of the Angels," remarked Father Juan, "now that they know there is something there to be afraid of."

Meanwhile Dick was recovering. After sleeping for twenty hours he woke up so stiff that he could not move. Two days of Echegaray's rubbings and Paca's medicines put him on his feet, and in two days more he was living a normal life. It was a very exciting life, for he spent his afternoons exploring the other end of the tape for Don Ramon and Pablo, and learning to sound till he could sing out the depths in the melancholy voice of an old sailor.

The Erreguina had gone to Bilbao and come back with her captain. Dick and Olazábal took to each other at once, and within half an hour of their meeting were swapping reminiscences of Coney Island, and inventing amusement machines which, if they could ever have been constructed, would certainly have made their fortunes.

Both of them became a little impatient with Echegaray's painstaking measurements of the underground channel, his charts, tide tables, and cross sections. The novelty wore off for the villagers too, and they returned to their usual habit of lounging on the quay. Even Don Ramon himself, finding nothing whatever of interest, was proposing to give up the search for the time being, and to return to Villadonga for the big spring tide the following March.

"Dynamite!" roared Olazábal, as he and his men sat in the village tavern. "Dynamite is what you need!"

"Barbarian," said Pablo, "have you no respect for science?"

"That for your science!" answered Olazábal, driving his knife clean through the table. "You can't lay ghosts with a tape measure! Send the cave to the angels where it belongs!"

Father Juan found it very difficult to keep Dick's attention on the morning lessons; so he sought about for new ways and means of interesting his pupil. There was an ancient iron-bound chest in the vestry of the church, filled with worm-eaten books. Father Juan, like most of his predecessors in the parish of Villadonga, had glanced through them, and, finding nothing but lives of the saints and works of medieval theology, had let them lie. They had been printed by a 16th-century printer, who evidently did not know a good manuscript from a bad one. Their Latin was the dog-Latin of ignorant monks—a conversational language that anybody familiar with Spanish and the elements of Latin grammar could read without much difficulty.

Father Juan selected a Life of St Andrew, and tried it on Dick the next morning. Dick slowly read a page, amazed at the ease with which he could understand it.

"Padre!" he cried. "It's a miracle! I've learned Latin at last!"

Father Juan smiled. "I doubt if Julius Caesar would have understood it as well as you," he said. "Still, it is Latin of a sort, and I'm proud of my pupil."

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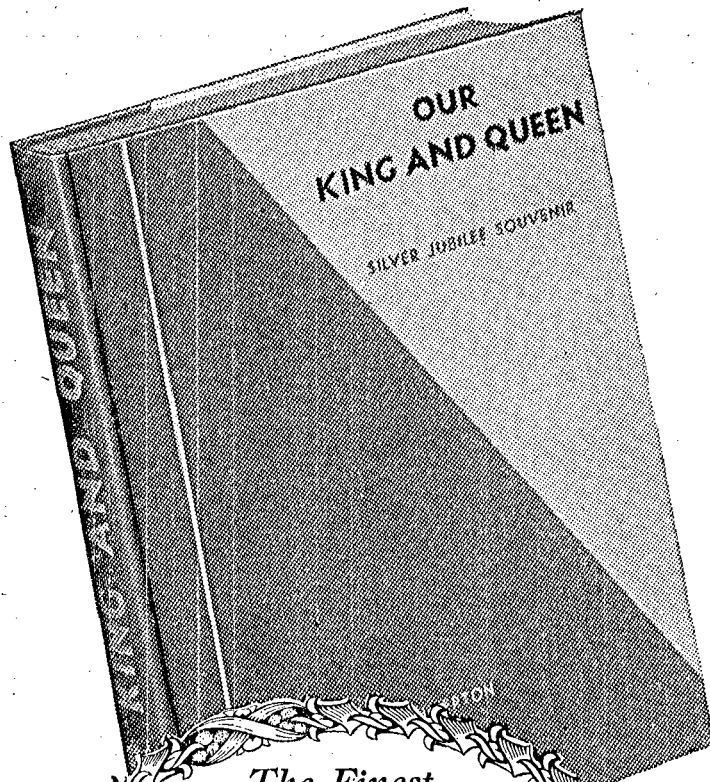
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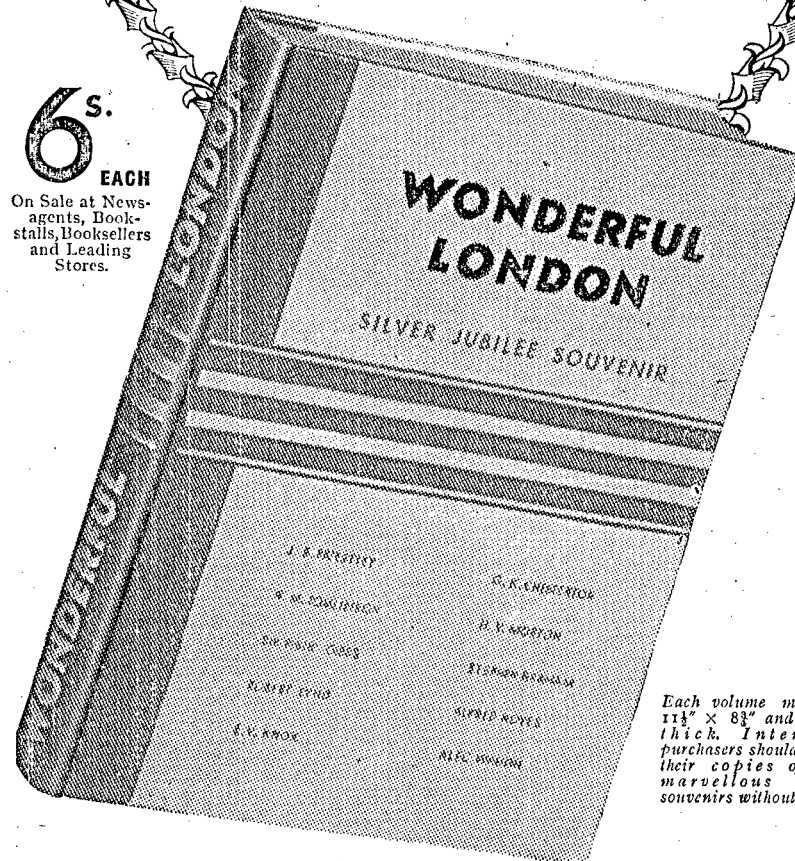
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hair is smooth and tidy—indoors or out. Use Anzora yourself and you'll always look at your best. Just a little is all you need—that's why a bottle lasts so long.

Anzora Cream for greasy hair, Anzora Viola for dry hair, in 9d., 1/3, and 2/3 bottles. Anzora Brilliantine 1/-: At all chemists and hairdressers.

ANZORA

MASTERS THE HAIR

Anzora Perfumery Co., Ltd., London, N.W.6

THE BRAN TUB

Buying Sheep

Two farmers who met at a market while buying sheep were counting their money. Each had brought insufficient.

"If you will lend me half of your money," said B, "I shall have £200."

"But I was going to suggest that you lend me a third of your money," replied A, "then I should have £100."

How much money had each of them? *Answer next week*

Your Ancestors

ON an average there are seven generations of a family in two centuries. That means that anyone born at the beginning of the present century has 254 ancestors going back to the year 1700. Going back another two centuries he would have had 32,766 ancestors since 1500, and about two thousand millions since the time of William the Conqueror!

A Midget

BOBBIE had received a tiny puppy for a birthday present and he was proudly showing it to a friend. "Do you call that a little one?" said Bob's friend. "Why, I've got one at home that's as little as two of him."

The C.N. Poster Stamp Puzzle

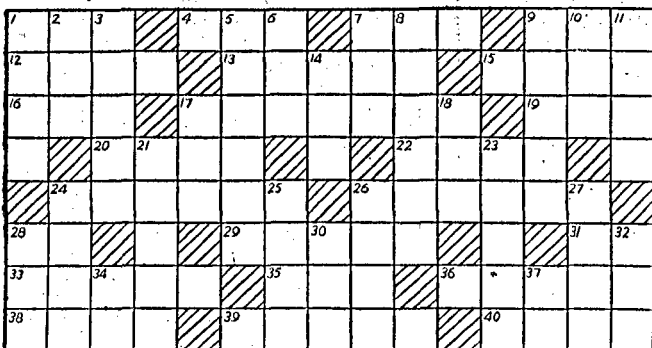


THIS picture puzzle represents one of the places in the C.N. Poster Stamp Album of the Southern Railway. Can you find out what it is? *Answer next week*

The C.N. Cross-Word Puzzle

Asterisks among the clues below denote abbreviations. *Answer next week*

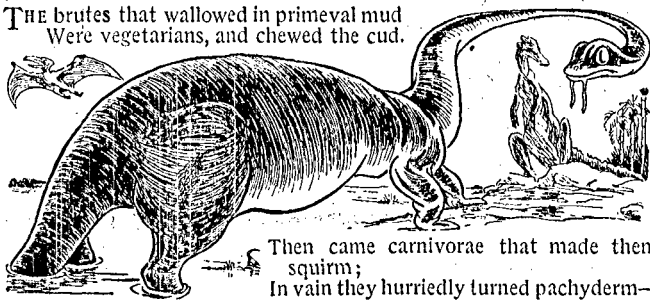
Reading Across. 1. Twenty-four hours. 4. Toward the stern of a ship. 7. An animal's lair. 9. A cushion. 12. A surface given in square feet. 13. The revolving part of an electric motor. 15. A young male attendant. 16. Popular beverage. 17. Sea robbers. 19. A fold. 20. A foray. 22. To surrender. 24. To bake. 26. Dress. 28. Chemical symbol for aluminium. 29. Threads. 31. Accomplish. 33. A shock of corn. 35. Part of the foot. 36. Fierce member of the cat family. 38. A small horse. 39. Muscles. 40. A musical sound.



Reading Down. 1. A popular North African fruit. 2. The unit of French square measure. 3. To be filled with longing. 5. The sixth day. 6. A high pointed rock. 7. A small point. 8. Builds. 9. A journal. 10. An era. 11. A mark made by a blow. 14. A strip of cloth. 17. A confused mass of printing types. 18. To place in position. 21. To torment. 23. A finger. 24. The highest male voice. 25. A thin narrow strip of wood. 26. Over again. 27. The first garden. 28. Poisonous snake. 30. A small kind of deer. 32. The source from which metals are usually obtained. 34. Above and touching. 37. To proceed.

Each Had Its Day

THE brutes that wallowed in primeval mud Were vegetarians, and chewed the cud.



In vain grew vast cuirasses, leather-linked; In half an aeon they were quite extinct



The great carnivores then had their day, And munched each other in a casual way.

Till, in due time, appeared about their dens A puny creature—Homo Sapiens;



Who, largely owing to an active brain, Subdued the whole wide world for his domain.

A Good Reason

BILL had gone on to the platform in answer to the conjurer's request.

"Do you think I could transfer this gentleman's watch from his wrist to your right-hand jacket pocket?"

"I'm quite certain you couldn't," replied Bill.

"Oh! and why not?" queried the conjurer, surprised.

"Because my pocket has been torn out."

Ici On Parle Français



Le wagonnet Les saltimbanques Le bâton trolley tumbler truncheon

Il n'y a rien dans ce wagonnet.

Les saltimbanques font des tours.

Il se sert rarement de son bâton.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planet Venus is in the South-West, Mars and Neptune are in the South-East, and Jupiter is East by South. In the morning Jupiter is in the South. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 9 p.m. on Thursday, April 18.

Enigma

Few people like to be without me, Yet fewer still would wish to keep me; With me is felt soft, sweet repose; With me folks like their days to close; I never die—yet, strange to say, I am remade once every day.

Answer next week

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

A Word Square

M E A G R E
E A G L E S
A G H A S T
G L A N C E
R E S C U E
E S T E M

Poster Stamp Puzzle

EXMOUTH

Three Letters

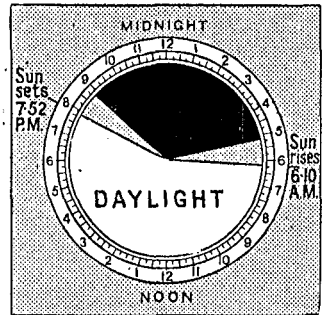
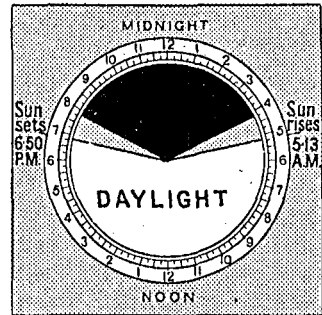
X, Y, D, L E G, N R G, U X L

Jumbled Fish

Salmon, mackerel, oyster, roach, wrinkle, plaice.

A Charade. Corn-ice

How Summer Time Alters Our Day



THESE two charts show how Summer Time gives us an extra hour of daylight at the end of the day. They indicate (left) daylight, twilight, and darkness on April 13, the last day of Greenwich Time; and (right) on April 14, the first day of Summer Time.

Tales Before Bedtime

Peter's Little Friend

SIX-YEAR-OLD Peter was tired of playing by himself. He did so want something really alive to play with.

He knew he was not allowed to go into the woods alone, but this morning he felt naughty. He climbed over the garden gate and ran across the field into the woods.

Peter wandered along the path, on and on. Once there was a rustle in the leaves of a tree over his head, and looking up he saw a squirrel eating nuts and throwing down the empty shells.

After a while Peter felt tired, so he sat down on the ground among the bluebells.

Quite a number of rabbits popped out of their burrows to look at the strange little boy.

Presently there came a little squeak. Peter looked round and saw a baby rabbit lying on the ground.

He went up to it and saw that the poor little thing was caught in a trap. Peter opened the trap and the rabbit jumped out.

It was frightened of Peter and tried to run away, but it couldn't because it had hurt one of its legs. Peter knelt down beside it and stroked its lovely soft hair.

"Don't be frightened," he said, "I won't hurt you. I'll take you home"; and he took the rabbit in his arms and carried it all the way back through the woods and across the field.

As he came to the gate into the garden he could hear his mummy calling him: "Peter! Peter!"

She came running to open the gate. "Oh! darling, where have you been?" she asked. Then she saw the rabbit. "Oh! poor little thing, is it hurt?"

"Yes," said Peter, "I found it in a trap."

Peter's mother took the rabbit into the house and gently bathed its leg and wrapped it up.

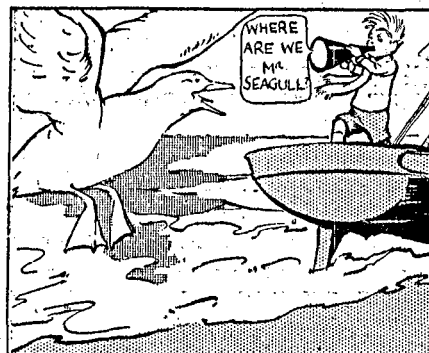
Peter never felt lonely again, for by the time the rabbit was quite well it had become so fond of him that it used to follow him all over the house and garden.

THE CADBURY COCOCUBS

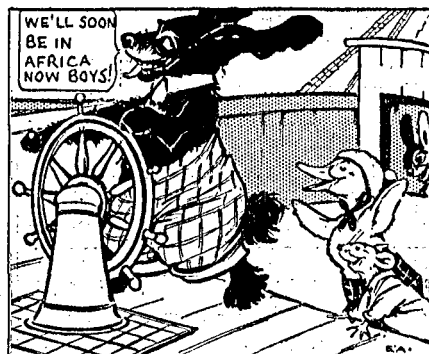
No. 2. Off to Africa



The ship which had carried the Cococubs out to sea was driven all night by the howling gale. When the sun rose Jonathan went up to the 'look-out.' No land was in sight!



Just as Jonathan was going to breakfast a seagull flew by. "Hi, Mr. Seagull, where are we?" "Keep straight ahead," replied the seagull, "the nearest land is Africa," and flew on.



"Hooray!" shouted the excited Cococubs. Jonathan was voted Captain. Peter Pum took the wheel, and Mrs. Pie-Porker was made cook (there was plenty of food stored). *Next stop Africa!*

All Boys & Girls love CADBURYS Milk Chocolate

Will the Cococubs get to Africa?